
LITTELL'S
LIVING
AGE.
999 Public Library
LITTELL & CO.,
No. 31 Bedford Street.
BOSTON.
COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
LONDON MAGAZINE
AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE
THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE
BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY
FRASER'S MAGAZINE
LONDON
THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEW.
DUBLIN MAGAZINE.
COLBURN'S UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE
PUNCH
THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW
Norton's LITERARY REGISTER.
THE QUARTERLY REVIEW
REVUE DES DEUX MONDES
BAKER-SMITH-ANDREW
ENG-BOSTON

THE NEW WEBSTER

In Attractive Bindings.

Best Holiday Gift

Just Published. WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY Entirely New.

The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising issues of 1864, '79 and '84, (still copyrighted) is now Revised and Enlarged, and bears the name of **Webster's International Dictionary.** Revision has been in progress for over 10 Years. More than **100** editorial laborers employed. $300,000 expended before first copy was printed. Critical examination invited. **Get the Best.** Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Pub'rs, Springfield, Mass.

INDEX TO

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

In process of publication by

EDWARD ROTH,

1135 Pine Street,

Philadelphia.

American Journal of Science.

FOUNDED BY PROFESSOR SILLIMAN IN 1818.

Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Physical Geography, Mineralogy, Natural History, Astronomy, and Meteorology.

EDITORS:

JAMES D. DANA and EDWARD S. DANA.

Associate Editors: J. P. COOKE JR., GEORGE L. GOODALE, and JOHN TROWBRIDGE of Cambridge; H. A. NEWTON and A. E. VERRILL, of Yale; and G. F. BARKER of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.

Two volumes of 480 pages each, published annually in *Monthly Numbers.*

This Journal ended its *first* series of 50 volumes, as a quarterly in 1845, and its *second* series of 50 volumes as a two-monthly, in 1870. The monthly series commenced in 1871.

Subscription price $6; 50 cents a number. A few sets on sale of the first and second series.

Address the Proprietors,

J. D. and E. S. DANA,

New Haven, Conn.

COMMERCIAL & FINANCIAL CHRONICLE

Published every Saturday morning. New York, 102 William St.

Having the Largest and Most Extensive Circulation of any Financial Journal in the United States, its Subscription List embracing every Important City in America, and every Commercial Country in the World.

The CHRONICLE issues from 36 to 48 pages each week and an INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT of 134 pages every alternate month, together containing—

Financial Editorials, critical and explanatory of every Congressional, official or market change or event affecting the finances of the Government, of the Banks or of Commerce.

Markets—Money, Exchange, Stocks, &c., given in great detail, with the facts and influences affecting each, besides comparative stock and bond prices by days, months and years, with elaborate statistics in all departments. Also news by telegraph and cable from other financial centres of this Country and of the World up to Friday night.

Railroad Editorials on every point affecting their management, earning capacity, finances, &c.; also analysis of reports as soon as issued, by an experienced accountant. Earnings of the roads, net and gross, obtained at the earliest dates, and compiled weekly and monthly, with elaborate articles in explanation of the same. Also latest and reliable information from the railroads in all parts of the country, much of which is special to us.

Investors' Supplement, of 134 pages, contains a complete, convenient, classified description of every railroad of importance in the United States—its debts (dates and amounts of issue), capital, revenue, earning capacity, dividends, &c., with an accurate map of the leading roads. This Supplement is invaluable to dealers and investors.

Cotton Report, with special telegrams to us from every part of the South each Friday night with regard to the growing American crop and the movements of cotton; also special cable news from every country in the world producing or manufacturing cotton to any considerable extent, with statistics complete and reliable on every branch of the subject. *This report is the acknowledged cotton authority the world over.*

Besides the above are editorials on all commercial subjects, elaborate reports of Dry Goods and Breadstuffs, with less full reports of most other Commercial Markets, &c., &c.

SUBSCRIPTION (including postage for the 12 months, also the INVESTORS' SUPPLEMENT), **$10.20 per year.**

WILLIAM B. DANA, & CO.,
Publishers.

102 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, Volume LXXII. } No. 2423. — December 6, 1890. { From Beginning, Vol. CLXXXVII.

CONTENTS.

I.	Miss Mitford,	*Temple Bar,*	579
II.	Marcia. By W. E. Norris. Part XVIII.,	*Murray's Magazine,*	590
III.	Rural Life in France in the Fourteenth Century,	*Fortnightly Review,*	598
IV.	Eight Days. Part VII.,	*Cornhill Magazine,*	606
V.	Lord Iddesleigh,	*National Review,*	614
VI.	A Buddhist Shrine,	*Macmillan's Magazine,*	620
VII.	Art Notes in North Italy. By Walter Pater,	*New Review,*	625
VIII.	Newman from Newman's Points of View,	*National Review,*	631
IX.	The Cat as an Unconscious Humorist,	*Spectator,*	637
X.	An Irish Original,	*Spectator,*	639

POETRY.

Autumn,	578	A Grey Parrot,	578
An Autumn Picture,	578	Heartsease,	578

Miscellany, 640

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For Eight Dollars, *remitted directly to the Publishers,* the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage.*

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of Littell & Co.

Single Numbers of The Living Age, 18 cents.

AUTUMN.

THE year grows still again, the surging wake
Of full-sailed Summer folds its furrows up,
As when some ship has foamed along the deep
Old silence settles back again to sleep,
And ocean grows as placid as a cup.
Spring the young morn, and Summer the strong noon
Have dreamed and done and died for Autumn's sake,
Autumn that finds not for a loss so dear
Solace in stack and garner hers too soon —
Autumn, the faithful widow of the year.

Autumn, a poet once so full of song,
Wise in all rhymes of blossom and of bud,
Hath lost the early magic of his tongue,
And hath no passion in his failing blood.
Hear ye no sound of sobbing in the air?
'Tis his — low bending in a secret lane,
Late blooms of second childhood in his hair,
He tries old magic like a dotard mage;
Tries spell and spell, to weep and try again;
Yet not a daisy hears, and everywhere
The hedgerow rattles like an empty cage.

He hath no pleasure in his silken skies,
Nor delicate ardors of the yellow land;
Yea! dead for all its gold the woodland lies,
And all the throats of music filled with sand.
Neither to him across the stubble field
May stack or garner any comfort bring,
Who loveth more this jasmine he hath made,
The little tender rhyme he yet can sing,
Than yesterday with all its pompous yield,
Or all its shaken laurels on his head.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Macmillan's Magazine.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

Now round red roofs stand russet stacks arow:
Homeward from gleaning in the stubbly wheat,
High overhead the harsh rook saileth slow,
And cupless acorns crackle 'neath your feet.
No breeze, no breath, veereth the oasthouse hoods,
Whence the faint smoke floats fragrantly away;
And, in the distance, the half-hazy woods
Glow with the barren glory of decay.
Vainly the bramble strives to drape the hedge,
Whose leafless gaps show many an empty nest:
The chill pool stagnates round the seeded sedge;
And, as the sunset saddens in the west,
Funereal mist comes creeping down the dale,
And widowed Autumn weeps behind her veil.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

October. Spectator.

A GREY PARROT.

HE sits behind his cloister bars
As grave as Solon:
He looks, like Kepler, at the stars:
He's one of those who never speak
Until they've stopped to think; his beak
A semicolon.

In him all lighter thoughts are sunk;
His cares are higher.
He lives as does a tonsured monk;
He merely eats to praise the Lord,
Like some Franciscan of the cord,
Or poor Grey Friar.

No *flâneur* he, or vain *quidnunc*,
Or idle tattler;
Learned and critical as Brunck,
He'll chew a metaphysic stalk
In silence — an he liked he'd talk
As well as Littler.

His eyes are like the palmers' beads
With which, in Latin,
They told their prayers and pious creeds,
Their "Pater" and "Magnificat,"
Their "Aves," "Credos," and all that,
At eve and matin.

He envieth not the bold game-cock
With all his harem:
He shunneth all the sex *en bloc*
(They turn the mind from prayer). As fits
A holy hermit, so he sits
A *censor morum*.

WILLIAM HOLLOWAY, B.A. (Oxon).

Spectator.

HEARTSEASE.

WHERE should we seek for heartsease? We who fain
That precious thing would gain?
Dearer than love, since love may change or die;
Dearer than fame, that like a flash goes by;
The richest gift that, since the world began,
God gave to man.

Not in the fret and fever of the strife
Of busy, onward life;
Not in the passionate conflicts of the heart;
Not in the lovely cultured world of art;
Not in the cloistered students' living tomb
Will heartsease bloom.

But in the sober twilight's quiet time,
When, to the evening chime,
The tired pilgrim walks with patient feet,
Willing the tasks he yet can do to meet,
Content with all Heaven portions as his share —
Seek heartsease there.

All The Year Round.

From Temple Bar.

MISS MITFORD.

"THE memory of Leigh Hunt," wrote Edmund Ollier, "is a perfume in the heart of literature;" a *pot pourri*, one might say, expanding the simile, in which subtle essences and Eastern spices are blent with English rose-leaves.

The memory of Mary Russell Mitford has its perfume too — the scent of new-mown hay in dewy meadows, the breath of wild briar and hawthorn from country hedgerows. She was the first English-woman from whose graceful and sympathetic pen came studies of rural scenery equally faithful and charming, whose humor and pathos, unforced and unexaggerated, are true alike to "nature and human nature." Others have perhaps passed her on the same path — Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Walford in "Dinglefield" — but it would be ungrateful to forget that Miss Mitford led the way.

It was an unusual combination of powers which made this shrewd delineator of rural manners also one of the few women dramatists whose works have succeeded not only in the library, but on the boards. Her plays are no longer acted, her stories no longer read, but she still lives in her letters; rather prejudiced, excessive in praise of those she loved, but lively, observant, obviously sincere, and deriving a pathetic interest from the life of self-sacrifice and hard work, the sunny side of which they usually chronicle.

Towards the end of last century there lived at Alresford, Hampshire, "in the oppressive solitude of a large house and with no companion but her father's library," Mary Russell, the last representative of a branch of the great Bedford family. She was no longer young, and more than ordinarily plain, but she had a good figure, a kind heart, and the substantial charms of houses, land, and twenty-eight thousand pounds. The latter attractions, it is to be feared, weighed most heavily with the handsome young doctor, gay and clever, idle, selfish, and extravagant, who, having run through his share of the rent-roll of the Mitfords of Bertram Castle, Northumberland, married the gentle heiress, his senior by ten years, in 1785.

Their only child, Mary Russell Mitford, born two years later, was precociously intelligent. At three years old she was perched on the breakfast-table to read the Whig newspaper to her father's guests, and her own favorite study was "Percy's Reliques." She early and fully appreciated the handsome comfort of her mother's old-fashioned home, so minutely and lovingly depicted in her "Recollections of a Literary Life;" but unfortunately she was not long allowed to enjoy it. Dr. Mitford, scathingly described by Chorley in the introduction to the second series of Miss Mitford's "Letters" as "a robust showy, wasteful profligate, . . . a schemer in bubble companies, a gambler in London whist clubs," quickly dissipated his wife's ample fortune. The home was broken up, the library sold, and when Mary was eight years old the free country life she loved was exchanged for a dreary refuge within the rules of the King's Bench.

There was nothing more to lose; but it was an age of speculation, and therefore something might yet be won. Accordingly Dr. Mitford took his little girl to a lottery office, made her choose a number, and, by a strange freak of fortune, became the happy possessor of twenty thousand pounds. The greatest benefit Mary herself obtained from this strange turn of fortune's wheel was her education at a school opened in Hans Place, Chelsea, by M. and Mme. St. Quintin, with the assistance of Miss Rowden, who had formerly been governess in the family of Lord Bessborough, and who excited her pupil's emulation by writing and publishing some poems long since forgotten.* The school was, indeed, something of a blue-stocking nursery. Poor L. E. L. was educated there in later years; and Lady Caroline Lamb, and other women who obtained a passing literary reputation, spent some time within its walls.

Here Mary worked hard, voluntarily adding Latin to the course of study prescribed for her, joining with equal earnestness in the plays and ballets performed

* Miss Mitford's affection far outran her judgment when she called these effusions "a most happy mixture of the polish of Rogers and the animation of Campbell."

by her schoolfellows, and taking great interest in the aristocratic *émigrés* entertained by the St. Quintins on Saturday evenings.

Wonderful and admirable it was [she says] to see how the dukes and duchesses, marshals and marquises, chevaliers and bishops bore up under their unparalleled reverses! How they laughed and talked and flirted and squabbled, constant to their high heels, their rouge and their furbelows, to their old liaisons, their polished sarcasms, and their cherished rivalries.*

From infancy Mary had been the companion as well as the plaything of her parents, and the letters they exchanged during her five years at Hans Place are remarkable not only for their absolute frankness and affection, but for the perfect equality — much more rare at that time than the present — on which the correspondents stand. Indeed, the schoolgirl of eleven years old is sometimes startlingly plain spoken, as when she tells Dr. Mitford that she hopes she may be mistaken in her bad opinion of her aunt, but she certainly has "the most hypocritical drawl I ever heard."

While his daughter was still at Chelsea, Dr. Mitford bought an estate at Grasely, near Reading, on which stood a picturesque old farm, in former times a manor-house. For this, with its oak staircases, wainscoted walls, oriel windows, and secret chambers, Dr. Mitford substituted a commonplace modern "desirable residence," intending, when "Bertram House" had risen from the ashes of "Grasely Court," to take up the *rôle* of country gentleman. This did all very well in the coursing season, but when there was no such excitement at hand, long and expensive visits to London were necessary to his existence, and made serious inroads on what remained from the proceeds of the lottery ticket. At fifteen Mary left school with golden opinions from her masters and mistresses, plenty of prizes, and much commendation for "an English composition on 'Balloons,' and one on 'Amiable Manners.'" She entered with great zest into the occupations of a young lady of the period, dancing at the race balls, paying visits with her mother in the green chariot, or lying on a sofa with her dog by her side, reading a most extraordinary medley of books, good, bad, and indifferent. She was an ardent politician, and hung a bust of Fox, as a sort of patron saint, at the head of her bed; but a visit to London dispelled one of her cherished illusions: —

I had the happiness (?) [she writes to her mother] of seeing Mr. Fox mount his horse on Saturday. I shall never again contend for his beauty. He was obliged to lean on two people, and looked so sallow in face and so unwieldy in person that I am obliged to yield one long disputed point. . . . To make amends, my new favorite [Whitbread] is what even you would call exquisitely handsome; a most elegant figure, and a voice which I could listen to with transport even if he spoke in an unknown language.*

In 1806 Dr. Mitford took his daughter to Northumberland, on a round of visits to their relations, during which her letters to her mother are very minute and amusing. They were met on their journey by Dr. Mitford's cousin, Lady Charles Aynsley, who drove them to Little Harle Tower.

You would have been greatly amused [writes Miss Mitford] at my having my hair cut by Lord Charles's *friseur*, who is by occupation a joiner, and actually attended with an apron covered with glue, and a rule in his hand instead of scissors.

The Duchess of Northumberland — "a most lovely woman, dressed with particular elegance in a red shawl, gown, and a helmet of diamonds" — was very kind to the little country cousin, made much of her at Alnwick, and took her to the sessions ball. She enjoyed this immensely, but on the return journey the coachman lost his way, and Lord Charles and the footman were obliged "to walk before the carriage with candles to find out a cross-country road." Morning calls in the "North Countrie" appear to have been made inconveniently early, for one day "three people called before we were up, and four more before we had done breakfast!"

* Recollections of a Literary Life.

* Life of Mary Russell Mitford, edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. Bentley, 1870, vol. i., page 34.

While Miss Mitford was staying at Lord Grey's she was disagreeably surprised to hear that, without a word to her, Dr. Mitford had suddenly returned to Reading to assist in Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's electioneering, leaving her to take care of herself, and find her way back to Berkshire as best she might — no pleasant prospect for an inexperienced girl in posting days. "In the name of goodness, my dearest mamma," she implores, "send him back directly!" But "the most beloved of men," intent on his own amusement, would not go, until tempted by the opportunity of busying himself in the Morpeth and Newcastle elections also. To reward his political zeal he was made a magistrate, but the new dignity did not keep him at home, and his frequent journeys to town were sometimes shared by his daughter, who stayed with Miss Rowden, and under her auspices saw much "blue" society, as a member of which she qualified, in 1810, by publishing a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems." The printer's bill for this work astonished and alarmed her, especially as the taxes had not been paid, and in consequence Dr. Mitford's pictures were threatened with seizure in the king's name.

This little difficulty, however, seems to have been temporarily adjusted, and Miss Mitford, undaunted by the printer's bill, set to work on a narrative poem. Her father, remaining in town, is adjured to employ all his fascinations on his daughter's behalf.

> It is very kind of Mr. Perry [of the *Morning Chronicle*] to invite you to meet Mr. Brougham, and I am sure it will be greatly in my favor. You advertise my poems *vivâ voce*, you know, my dearest, and your manners and conversation are the greatest recommendations.

Miss Mitford's editors, kind-hearted William Harness, who knew her all her life, and her later friend, the more fastidious critic, Henry Chorley, regard this "filial blindness" with the puzzled and somewhat jealous indignation men are apt to show when their women friends devote themselves to an obviously clay-footed idol — father, brother, or husband. But the genuineness of Miss Mitford's faith in her father's advocacy is beyond all question. He is directed to cultivate the acquaintance of Richard Cumberland, with a view to possible good notices, and to take the proofs of "Christina" to Coleridge for corrections. The most important alteration made was cutting out a tribute to a brother poet, on which even tranquil Mrs. Mitford waxes indignant: —

> Were the poem mine [she says] I would have braved any censure as to what he terms "bad lines," being convinced he would have found them beautiful had they not contained a compliment to Walter Scott. I am extremely angry. It is a most extraordinary liberty Mr. Coleridge has taken, and will, I hope, be the last he will attempt.*

The young poetess herself, though so famous in after life for sunny sweetness of temper, was at this time anything but a "patient Grisel." When her "itty boy" as she was fond of calling her father — and a most spoilt and troublesome child she often found him — sent her a pair of ill-fitting gloves, he had a sharp rebuke:

> Pray do people wear their hands prayer fashion in a leather muff, with thumbs and five fingers? It must be so, for you never could mean those machines that you sent me for gloves! You fitted them upon the shopman, did you? I really should have thought you had tried them upon an elephant.

And of the wretched printer (a nephew of Dr. Valpy, and Miss Mitford's playfellow in childhood), whose delays as well as his charges excited her wrath, she says:

> The very mention of my book makes my fingers tingle with a desire to box John Valpy's ears . . . John Valpy is quite entirely a fool! To think of offering us three copies of my book! I really do think that I should have thrown them at his head, and taken my chance of his bringing an action against me.

Chorley, in his preface to the second series of Miss Mitford's "Letters," † speaks of Mrs. Mitford as "somewhat characterless," apparently because she neither prevented her husband's selfish extravagances nor suffered them to destroy her affection for him. But a man of his stamp is the very last to be subject to domestic control,

* Dr. Mitford's own chosen associates were of a different order — men such as Cobbett, one of whose notes to him ends, with characteristic grace and amiability, "God bless you, and d —— the ministers!"

† Bentley, 1872, two vols.

and a passage from one of his wife's letters, written when she was dismissing her servants and preparing to leave Bertram House in order to reduce their expenditure, whilst he was amusing himself in London, shows no want of dignity or feeling: —

As to our present difficulties, it avails not how they originated. The only question is, how they can be most speedily and effectually put an end to. I ask for no details which you do not voluntarily choose to give. A forced confidence my whole soul would revolt at, and the pain it would give you to offer it would be far short of what I should suffer in receiving it.

In 1810 Miss Mitford was introduced to her father's friend, Sir William Elford, recorder of Plymouth, fellow of the Royal and Linnæan Societies, an exhibitor in the Royal Academy, and a writer of verses which have not survived him. A strong liking sprang up between the amateur of sixty-four and the little poetess of twenty-three; she sent him her book, he painted a picture for her; and a correspondence followed in which Miss Mitford poured out all her feelings, opinions, and experiences with a confiding and enthusiastic frankness usually reserved by a girl for girl friends. She begins by being rather formal and lofty, but soon throws aside the heavy Johnsonian mantle and reveals her lively natural self. She tells him that she took Miss Rowden, the authoress of the "Pleasures of Friendship," to hear Coleridge lecture on —

Poets and critics, and whipping little boys, and Milton and Shakespeare, and love and philosophy, and every subject that ever entered the head of man. . . . The orator had been more than usually brilliant, and I had just got Miss R. to confess that he really was tolerable (a wonderful confession, considering she was *a lady*, and determined to dislike him), when to my utter dismay he began a period as follows: "There are certain poems — or things called poems — which have obtained considerable fame — or that which is called fame in the world. I mean the 'Pleasures of Tea-drinking,' and the 'Pleasures of Wine-drinking,' and the 'Pleasures of Love,' and the 'Pleasures of Nonsense,' and the 'Pleasures of Hope.'" There, thank God, the list ended, for his censure was only aimed at Campbell, whom he proceeded to abuse. But think what I felt when he was going on with his "Pleasures," and I expected the "Pleasures of Friendship" to come out every moment. Mr. Rogers was just by, so that Miss Rowden had the comfort of company in her sensations, whatever they might be, but they had the wit to keep them to themselves.

When there is a prospect of meeting Sir William in town, she writes: —

You will find me just the same plain, awkward, blushing thing whom you profess to remember. Only I think the almost hermit life that I have led for the last year has improved all these enchanting characteristics. . . . I must not forget to prepare you for the deplorable increase of my beautiful person. My dear friend, it is really terrible. Papa talks of taking down the doors, and widening the chairs, and new-hanging the five-barred gates, and plagues me so that any one but myself would grow thin with fretting; but I can't fret. I only laugh, and that makes it worse.

The "hermit life" was broken in upon in 1814, when Miss Mitford went to London with her father, and at the dinner of the British and Foreign School Society, at Freemasons' Hall heard "a poetical tribute" of her own sung amidst enthusiastic applause.

I did not believe my ears [she tells her mother] when Lord Lansdowne, with his usual graceful eloquence, gave my health. I did not believe them when my old friend the Duke of Kent, observing that Lord Lansdowne's voice was not always strong enough to penetrate the depths of that immense assembly, reiterated it with stentorian lungs. Still less did I believe my ears when it was drunk with "three times three," a flourish of drums and trumpets from the Duke of Kent's band, and the continued plaudits of five hundred people. I did not believe my own ears. I really thought it must be Mr. Whitbread. And though I wondered how he could be "fair and amiable," I still thought it him till he rose to make the beautiful speech of which you have only a faint outline in the *Chronicle*. The praises he bestowed on me still ring in my ears, and if you find me vainer than any peacock I beg you to attribute it to the overset which my brains experienced on Friday. Everybody tells me such a compliment to a young untitled woman is absolutely unprecedented.

There were plenty of lions for the little Berkshire damsel, suddenly elevated into a lioness, to gaze at, and some of her criticisms have the merit, if it be one, of singularity: —

Well, I went to see Kean, and was thoroughly disgusted. This monarch of the stage is a little insignificant man, slightly deformed, strangely ungraceful, seldom pleasing the eye, still seldom satisfying the ear — with a voice between grunting and croaking, a perpetual hoarseness which suffocates his words, and a vulgarity of manner which his admirers are pleased to call nature — the nature of Teniers it may be, not that of Rafaelle. I am sure that where there is anything like strong writing that he can contrive to rant, or anything

resembling passion for him to tear to rags, his acting will always be unequal, disappointing, and destructive of all illusion. It is extremely dangerous to avow this heresy.

At one of Mr. Perry's parties the Duke of Sussex took Miss Mitford in to dinner:

Nothing could have exceeded the civility of that royal porpoise. Never surely did man eat, drink, or swear so much, or talk such bad English. He is a fine exemplification of the difference between speaking and talking; for his speeches, except that they are mouthy and wordy and commonplace, and entirely without ideas, are really not much amiss.

Few letters offer so many temptations as these to linger and to quote. Whether serious or playful, they always reflect the writer's quick observation and warm heart. When she laughs it is so genially that even the laughed at must forgive her. She foretells a great future for Talfourd when he has yet done nothing but publish, at sixteen, "a volume of most stupid poems," and make her "mind ache" with the brilliance of his conversation, as her eyes would ache if looking at the sun. She describes Moore's singing as "a modulated sigh." She gives a very amusing account of the construction of Bearwood, by the founder of the Walter family. She tells how, at a Reading election, her portly father and the slim candidate, Tyshe Palmer ("like a tall hop-pole, or a long fishing-rod, or anything that is all length and no substance; three or four yards of brown thread would be as much like him as anything, if one could contrive to make it stand upright"), riding through the town side by side, are greeted with shouts of "Fish and Flesh forever!" She deliciously characterizes *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* as "a very libellous, wicked, story-telling, entertaining work, a sort of a chapel of ease to my old friend the *Quarterly*." She quotes a letter from Mrs. Hofland, who informs her that:—

The Wordsworths never dine. They hate such doings. When they are hungry they go to the cupboard and eat, and really it is much the best way. There is Mr. Wordsworth, who will live for a month on cold beef and the next on cold bacon — and my husband will insist on a hot dinner every day.

Then we have a portrait of Campbell:

Do you happen to know Mr. Campbell? I dare say not. I do. Oh, he is such a pretty little, delicate, finical gentleman! He would look well in a mob cap, hemming a pocket-handkerchief, or in a crape turban, flirting a fan. He is such a doubter — such a hummer and hawer, such a critical Lord Eldon, so heavy and so slow!

She is very saucy about her sisters of the pen, although she admits that Miss Austen is pretty and Miss Edgeworth presentable.

George Whittaker has given me "Cœur de Lion," by Miss Porden [afterwards the devoted wife of Sir John Franklin] to review. . . . She's a very pleasant young woman, and her conversation is easy and natural. She is ugly, of course. All literary ladies are so. I never met one in my life (except Miss Jane Porter, and she is rather *passée*) that might not have served for a scarecrow to keep the birds from the cherries.

There is no intimation that Miss Mitford ever looked forward to marriage. It would seem that she was never invited to do so by any one at a sufficiently romantic distance from her own surroundings.

Love [she tells Sir William] never flourishes so luxuriantly as when distance and difference of fortune or station give full scope to the imagination. A castle or a cottage; a prince or a peasant; a Swede or an Italian, may all give full play to the poetry of the heart. But to fall in love with a stupid man who lives in the next town, in a brick house, with a walled garden — whose father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, aunts and brothers you have been tired of all your life — to fall in love with such a man as that is really more than impossible!

This is quite in keeping with what she tells the same correspondent is her ambition — "to be tall, pale, thin, have dark eyes and write *gracefully* in prose."

Mrs. Hofland evidently thought that this very confidential and voluminous correspondence "meant something," as the gossips say; and that as Sir William had congenial tastes and a handsome fortune, and the trifling difference of forty years in age was on the right side, he ought to be encouraged. But Miss Mitford replied:—

I shall not marry Sir W. Elford, for which there is a remarkably good reason, the said Sir W. having no sort of desire to marry me; neither shall I marry anybody. I know myself well enough to be sure that if any man were silly enough to wish such a thing, and I silly enough to say *yes*, a timely fit of wisdom would come upon me and I should run away from the church door.

Besides, she adds, Sir William has "an outrageous fondness" for her letters — "and marrying a favorite correspondent would be like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs."

There were circumstances, however, under which, she owns, she could have contemplated — even matrimony. The threatened parting from Bertram House

became imminent, and in 1819 she writes to Mrs. Hofland: —

Our Mr. Elliott has been here, and this long affair, this Chancery suit of eight years, was settled in eight minutes. He takes possession at Michaelmas, and I have not a notion where we shall go. But for the ill-luck of Mr. Elliott's having a wife, I need not move at all, since but for that misfortune he says he would have had me himself. I wish you had seen him when he made this declaration. Imagine a little, mean-looking Bond Street shopkeeper of sixty-five, with a Methodist face, all bile and wrinkles, and sadness, and a spruce wig in fine curls, shining like a horse-chestnut! I would certainly have married him, though, but for the aforesaid impediment. I would take anybody that would marry me to these walls and trees.

In March, 1820, the blow fell. Dr. Mitford having, by an extraordinary combination of extravagance and ill-luck, dragged his family from affluence through many degrees of increasing poverty to a condition in which "there was nothing between the father and mother and hopeless destitution but the genius and industry of the daughter," Bertram House was exchanged for a cottage at Three-Mile-Cross, which, Miss Mitford tells Sir William Elton, consisted of "a series of closets," with a garden about the size of "a good drawing-room," with "a public-house on one side,* a village shop on the other, and a cobbler's stall opposite."

It is [she continues] an excellent lesson of condensation — one which we all wanted. Great as our merits might be in some points, we none of us excelled in compression. Mamma's tidiness was almost as diffuse as my letters. Papa could never tell a short story, nor could papa's daughter ever write a short letter. I expect we shall be much benefited by this squeeze, though at present it sits upon us as uneasily as tight stays, and is just as awkward-looking. Indeed, my great objection to a small room always was its extreme unbecomingness to one of my enormity. I really seem to fill it — the parlor looks all me.

In this spirit of bright acquiescence in loss and disappointment, resolutely looking only at the humorous side of privation — nursing, amusing, waiting on her invalid mother and her exacting father, and often writing all night to make up for the time bestowed on them during the day — her own health broken by incessant toil — Miss Mitford for thirty years made the rude cottage a true home, visited by legions of friends, including almost every contemporary of literary sympathies and pursuits. Here she found "mere life" a luxury, while she could watch "the cherries ripen and the roses blow," tame the robins until they answered her call, tear her gowns searching in the hedgerows for wild flowers, or crouch for a whole bright summer day on some hay carefully left for her under the shade of a willow, with a book on her knee and her hand on the head of a favorite dog.

Rarely, however, did she indulge in such exquisite idleness: —

I am writing for the magazines [she tells Sir William Elford], poetry, criticism, and dramatic sketches. I work as hard as a lawyer's clerk; and besides the natural loathing of pen and ink which that sort of drudgery cannot fail to inspire, I have really scarcely a moment to spare.

To Haydon, who had been introduced to her by his generous friend, Sir William, and for whose genius, and stormy, loving, high-strung nature, she had the keenest admiration and sympathy, she says: —

I have been very busy — audaciously busy — writing a tragedy. We are poor, you know. When I was in town I saw an indifferent tragedy, of which the indifferent success procured for the author three or four hundred pounds. This raised my emulation. . . . My anxiety on this subject is not vanity. It is not fame or praise I want, but the power of assisting my dearest and kindest father.

In spite of this disclaimer she built some personal hopes on the success of her play: —

I do so love a ride in a pony chaise [she says]. If my "Foscari" were to succeed I should be tempted to keep one myself. You know, of everything that I want or wish I say "if 'Foscari' succeeds." I said so the other day about a new straw bonnet, and then about a white geranium, and then about a pink sash, and then about a straw workbasket — all in the course of one street.

"Foscari" was rejected. But the undaunted authoress soon had another tragedy ready for scrutiny, and in 1823 "Julian" was produced at Covent Garden, with Macready as the hero. She was at first more than satisfied with the result, but Macready calls it but a "moderate success," and adds, "the performance

* This roadside inn had sometimes interesting visitors. "The Duke of Wellington's sons are at home for the Eton holidays, and they come every day to a little alehouse next door, to take lessons in French of a Jew, who is lodging there. 'The poor little lads, ma'am,' said my neighbor the landlord, 'are kept very strict; they never look up but their tutor corrects them; and there they sit in my parlor from eleven o'clock till half past four, and never have a glass of anything!'"

made little impression and was soon forgotten." *

Her next venture was launched on less stormy waters. It was the delightful series of sketches called "Our Village," which at once took the reading world by storm — if one may use such an expression of so genial and kindly a book.

You would be diverted [she tells Sir William Elford] at some instances of its popularity. Columbines and children have been named after Mayflower. Stage coachmen and post-boys point out the localities; schoolboys deny the possibility of any woman's having written the cricket match without schoolboy help. And such men as Lord Stowell send to me for a key.

In 1826 "Foscari" was at last produced with really brilliant success. "William Harness and Mr. Talfourd are both quite satisfied with the whole affair, and my other friends are half crazy," she writes. But her greatest dramatic triumph was "Rienzi." The play abounded in passages of great poetic beauty, and Young as Rienzi, with Miss Phillips as Claudia, realized Miss Mitford's conceptions. "A magnificent performance throughout," she called it; and the publishers sold eight thousand copies of the play in two months.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, in one of the lively sketches which give value to her husband's "Book of Memories," thus describes Miss Mitford at this time. She was staying with Mrs. Hofland in order to "superintend" the production of her tragedy.

"Mary," said her hostess to Mrs. Hall, "is a little grand and stilted just now. There is no doubt the tragedy will be a great success. Macready told me it was a wonderful tragedy — an extraordinary tragedy '*for a woman to have written.*' The men always make that reservation, my dear. They cramp us, my dear, and then reproach us with our lameness; but Mary did not hear it, and I did not tell her. She is supremely happy just now, and so is her father, the doctor. Yes, it is no wonder she should be a little stilted — such grand people coming to call and invite them to dinner, and all the folk at the theatre down-upon-knee to her. It is such a contrast to Three-Mile-Cross." "But," I said, "she deserves all the homage that can be rendered her — her talents are so varied. Those stories of 'Our Village' are inimitable as pictures of English rural life; and she has also achieved the highest walk in tragedy." "*For a woman,*" put in Mrs. Hofland. She had not forgiven our great tragedian for his ungallant reserve. I certainly was disappointed when a stout little lady, tightened up in a shawl, rolled into the parlor in Newman Street; her short petticoats showing wonderfully strong leather boots, and a little black coalscuttle bonnet adding to the effect of her natural rotundity. But her manner was that of a cordial, country gentlewoman. The pressure of her hands was warm; her eyes, both soft and bright, looked kindly and frankly into mine, and her pretty, rosy mouth dimpled with sweet and friendly smiles. . . . She was always pleasant to look at, and had her face not been so "outspread" she would have been handsome; even with that disadvantage, if her figure had been tall enough to carry her head with dignity, she would have been so; but she was most vexatiously "dumpy." Miss Landon hit off her appearance when she whispered, the first time she saw her, "Sancho Panza in petticoats." *

Meantime artists were busy — somewhat unsatisfactorily — painting the now famous authoress. Her friend Haydon produced "a Brobdignagian fat woman seated in a bower of Brobdignagian honeysuckles," which pleased nobody except possibly himself — since mere bigness seems at times to have gratified him. And then she sat to Mr. Lucas for a portrait, which, strange to say, afforded the original unmixed satisfaction. "It will be a great contrast," she proudly says, "to the cook-maid thing of poor, dear Mr. Haydon. . . . I never saw a more ladylike picture. A very fine piece of color, and they say a very strong likeness." Mrs. Acton Tindal tells a rather different story. No woman, she says

was ever less self-conscious than Miss Mitford, or less addicted to small vanities and selfish ambitions. She was curiously, almost unfortunately, ignorant about all matters of dress, and in general perfectly indifferent on the subject. Yet now and then an occasion would arise which she believed required some headdress more elaborate than the simple, motherly cap, trimmed with grey or white, in which her friends knew her best. When this sense of social duty oppressed her she found it very difficult to arrive at any successful arrangement. Something would go wrong with the unnatural finery.†

Accordingly she distrusted her unaided

* Macready's Reminiscences, edit. 1876, Macmillan, page 211.

* Book of Memories, Virtue, 1871, p. 139.

† Mrs. S. C. Hall describes Miss Mitford's appearance at an evening party, "most unbecomingly dressed in a striped satin something, neither high nor low, with very short sleeves, for her arms were white and finely formed. She wore a large yellow turban, which added considerably to the size of her head. She had evidently bought the hideous thing *en route*, and put it on in the carriage, for pinned at the back was a somewhat large card, on which were written, in somewhat large letters, these astounding words: 'Very Chaste. Only Five and Threepence.'" (Book of Memories, page 440.)

judgment, and when about to sit to Mr. Lucas, consulted her friend, Lady Madalina Porter (wife of the thin candidate before referred to).

They laid their heads together on the subject of costume, and instead of wearing her simple cap, and soft lace folded over a dark dress, Miss Mitford was induced to accept the loan of a large black velvet hat with a plume of white ostrich feathers, and a gorgeous cloak of gentianella blue, lined with white satin and trimmed with fur. Thus invested, our dear old friend sat to the secretly demurring artist for what proved to be, so far as the head and face were concerned, an excellent likeness, though the plumes and mantle of the duke's daughter spoilt the picture, so strangely were they out of keeping on the head and shoulders of the careworn literary gentlewoman. The artist fretted over the bad taste of these sumptuous and unnatural accessories, at last cancelled the picture in a fit of desperation, and went down to Three-Mile-Cross to pacify Miss Mitford by painting a portrait of her father for her.

Mrs. Acton Tindal's own hand has left an admirable pen-and-ink portrait of her friend: —

Time touched her very tenderly. The features she called hard and coarse always remained womanly, and early became venerable. Her patiently borne labors and troubles set their seal on her benignant countenance. There was a very pathetic expression about her mouth, and in her large, slowly moving, sad grey eyes, though they lighted up now and then with a glancing gleam of the drollest humor. She always looked fully at the person she was addressing for a time, but they had an odd trick of drifting aside, as if she were gazing far beyond the walls that surrounded her. . . . On each side of her massive temples lay short grey curls of silvery brightness, and an infantine delicacy of texture.

Once, and once only, do we find Miss Mitford in momentary rebellion against her domestic tyrant. He might waste her money, crush her spirits, occupy her time, and by his ceaseless exactions injure her health, yet she still upheld him as the dearest, grandest, most beautiful of mankind. But he poured scorn on her friends, and her generous spirit was roused. Mr. Harness had asked her intervention on behalf of an actor named Cathcart, for whose talents they both felt great admiration: —

He is a man of genius [she replies] and worthy in every respect. If he thinks and you think that I can be of service to him I will go to London, and do all I can to forward his wishes. But — to you — I confess that this measure would be attended with great personal difficulty. My father — very kind to me in many respects, very attentive if I'm ill, very solicitous that my garden should be nicely kept, that I should go out with him and be amused — is yet, so far as art, literature, and the drama are concerned, of a temper infinitely difficult to deal with. He hates and despises them and all their professors, and is constantly taunting me with "my friends" and "my people," as he calls them, reproaching me if I hold the slightest intercourse with author, editor, artist, or actor, and treating with frank contempt every one not of a certain status in the county. I am entirely convinced that he would consider Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Walter Scott, and Mrs. Siddons his inferiors. Always this is very painful — strangely painful; but sometimes, in the case of the sweet young boy Lucas the [artist] and in this of Mr. Cathcart, it becomes really hard to bear. Since I have known Mr. C. I can say with truth that he has never spoken to me or looked at me without ill-humor. . . . Now, he ought to remember that it is from a sense of duty that I have been thrown in the way of these persons, and he should allow for the natural sympathy of similar pursuits, and the natural wish to do the little one can to bring merit into notice. It is one of the few alleviations of a destiny that is wearing down my health and mind and spirits and strength — a life spent in efforts above my powers. He ought to feel this; but he does not. I beg your pardon for vexing you with this detail. . . . But I meant to say that it will be a scene and an effort to get to town for this purpose. *Nevertheless, if you think I can do good I will most assuredly go.**

Obviously her strength was in every way overtaxed at this time, for she says in writing to Haydon (whose vigorous, eccentric, warm-hearted letters to her may be found in the second volume of the "Correspondence and Table-Talk," edited by his son Frederic): —

I am ashamed to say that a play bespoken last year at Drury Lane, and wanted by them beyond measure, is not yet nearly finished. I try to write it, and cry over my lamentable inability, but I do not get on. Women were not meant to earn the bread of a family — I am sure of that — there is a want of strength. I shall, however, have a volume of "Country Stories" out in the spring.

On New Year's day, 1830, Mrs. Mitford died very calmly, after two apoplectic strokes. Her daughter missed her sorely — not only her tender affection, but her strong sympathy with all her daughter's

* It is some consolation to remember how Dr. Mitford must have been tormented by the annually increasing tribes of visitors, from the despised and detested "City of Prague," whom his daughter's popularity brought to the cottage.

struggles and successes. Friends, old and new, gathered round Miss Mitford, with all the comfort affection could afford, and by degrees she found relief in their society. In May she visited Serjeant Talfourd, to share, as she says, his "agony of glory" during the production of "Ion." Six months later her own play of "Inez di Castro" was in preparation, with Charles Kemble as Pedro, and Fanny Kemble as Inez.

Mr. Talfourd, who brought me this news, says that Fanny Kemble's Callista (odious as the part is) displays far higher talent than anything she has yet done, and that at a distance he could have imagined her a smaller and younger Mrs. Siddons. . . . I have never seen her act, but I am well acquainted with her off the stage, and know her to be a girl of great ability. The difference of age makes it singular that she in Paris and I in London were educated by the same lady.

Three years later "Charles the First," which the lord chamberlain had refused to license because of its "dangerous subject," was produced at the Victoria Theatre, which was out of his jurisdiction, with Mr. Cathcart as Cromwell. And in 1835 her opera, "Sadak and Kalascade," was performed at the Lyceum. In the same year "Belford Regis" appeared, and she was always busy for magazines and annuals. Still she found time for "the best society." The names of her visitors would furnish a sort of literary and artistic directory of the period; and she not only received them, but remembered them, made their hopes or sorrows hers, advised, comforted, scolded them. And how pleasant it can sometimes be, to feel that one is liked sufficiently to be scolded!

Still she found time not only to cultivate her flowers, but to know them, nurse them, love them individually, as she did her four-footed pets. And these warm sympathies and wholesome tasks kept her young in spite of heavy cares.

In the following year she records a dinner at Talfourd's, at which she met Wordsworth: "A venerable old man, delightfully mild and placid, and most kind to me;" Landor, "a very striking-looking person, and exceedingly clever;" Procter and Chorley; and she carelessly mentions "Mr. Browning — a young poet," little thinking how his future life was to influence and be interwoven with that of her most beloved friend, of whom, during the same visit, we have the first glimpse in a letter to Dr. Mitford: —

I told you that Mr. Kenyon was to take me to the Giraffes and the Diorama, with both of which I was delighted. A sweet young woman whom we called for in Gloucester Place went with us — a Miss Barrett, who reads Greek as I do French, and has published some translations from Æschylus, and some most striking poems. She is a delightful young creature, shy and timid and modest. Nothing but her desire to see me got her out at all, but now she is coming to us to-morrow night also.

They met again at a "magnificent" dinner given by Mr. Kenyon, and Miss Mitford tells her father that her new friend is "so sweet and gentle, and so pretty, that one looks at her as if she were some bright flower. And she says it is like a dream that she should be talking to me, whose works she knows by heart."

Another pleasant meeting was with the Duke of Devonshire, "the kindest-natured of the great," who brought her a bouquet of a thousand lilies of the valley, mixed with moss roses, and invited her to Chiswick. The only crumpled leaf amongst those roses was a fancy that Talfourd was *jealous* of her, and a slight astonishment, natural, of course, in the author of "Rienzi," that he should think so very, very much of "Ion."

In 1837 Lord Melbourne granted Miss Mitford a pension of £100 a year, relieving her from the haunting terror of absolute want in old age, occasioned by the rapidity with which her little capital was melting away under the incessant demands of her father, whilst his personal exactions broke her health and hindered her literary work.

In December, 1842, Dr. Mitford died. He had been for years in a condition of bodily weakness and mental irritability which taxed his daughter's strength and patience to the utmost.

From the time of her mother's death [says Mr. Chorley] the weight which Dr. Mitford had divided between two forbearing women had to be borne by one. No one can wonder that the ceaseless and unreasonable claims on her time, and the merciless forestalling of every guinea that could be wrung from her, by one whose selfishness grew as time went on, bore with increasing weight on her health, and on creative power which required some aliment better than a sense of duty prompted by self-delusion.

Still, he was her one object in life — the only living being to whom she was necessary, however dear she might be to many; the only one for whom she had to work and to hope. And her sense of isolation was overwhelmingly bitter when she had "buried her dead out of her sight."

Her greatest consolation was the affection of Elizabeth Barrett, with whom she had maintained a constant and most interesting correspondence since that first meeting when they went to see "the Giraffes." Miss Mitford was proud of her friend's genius when the world had only begun to discern it.

My love and my ambition for you [she writes] often seem to be more like that of a mother for a son, or a father for a daughter (the two fondest of natural emotions), than the common bond of even a close friendship between two women of different ages and similar pursuits. . . . My pride and my hopes seem altogether merged in you.

Yet even this sustaining friendship had its painful side. Miss Barrett's always delicate health was subject to fluctuations which caused her friends the keenest anxiety. Once Miss Mitford writes of her not having been dressed for six months — only lifted from her bed to the sofa — and her voice not raised above a whisper; but predicts: —

If she be spared you will see her passing all women and most men, as a narrative or dramatic poet. After all, she is herself, in her modesty, her sweetness, and her affectionate warmth of heart, by very far more wonderful than her poems, extraordinary as *they* are. . . . An odd effect of absence from general society, that the talent for conversation should have ripened and the shyness disappeared — but so it is. When I first saw her, her talk, delightful as it was, had something too much of the lamp — she spoke too well — and her letters were rather too much like the very best books. Now all that is gone; the fine thoughts come gushing and sparkling like water from a spring, but flow as naturally as water down a hillside, clear, bright, and sparkling in the sunshine. All this, besides its great delightfulness, *looks like life, does it not?*

That was the burden of all Miss Mitford's references to Elizabeth Barrett at this time, when the fine brain and the great heart seemed so lightly linked to earth by that fragile body. The death of a favorite brother who had given up all other pursuits to share Miss Barrett's enforced residence at Torquay, and who was lost in a sailing-boat which sank almost within sight of her windows, seemed to deprive her of both the power and the desire to live, and for years her intercourse with friends was chiefly by correspondence. Miss Mitford prized her letters exceedingly. "Put Mme. de Sévigné and Cowper together, and you may fancy them," she says; and Chorley, in an editorial note, adds, "Never was eulogy, high strained though it may seem, more justified by facts than this. I speak to it from experience, and cannot but wish that the letters in question should, under due supervision, be published."

Chorley's wish has been to a certain extent fulfilled, though not as regards that particular correspondence. Letters on literary subjects have been published which show how playful and earnest, how thoughtful and sympathetic Elizabeth Barrett could be, even when suffering most from pain and depression, and addressing a friend whom she had never met face to face.* This friend, R. H. Horne, then noticeable and interesting, both from his unquestionable poetic and critical genius and his adventurous life, was introduced by Miss Barrett to Miss Mitford as a contributor to one of the numerous annuals edited by the latter, and became an annual visitor at her cottage, where the poet, with his romantic aspect (his "determined picturesqueness" Miss Martineau called it), sat amidst the roses and geraniums, playing his guitar and singing rich Spanish ballads to his kindly, "apple-cheeked" little hostess and her circle of admiring friends. In one of these — the fair and delicate daughter of a wealthy neighboring family well known to literature — Miss Mitford (at heart a great match-maker) thought she saw a fitting bride for the poet, rich in everything save worldly goods. But fate said no, and the end of the brief love-story was a fine elegy over an early grave.

Another friend in whom Miss Mitford and Miss Barrett were equally interested was poor Haydon, who, in his happier days, used to dart into the garden at Three-Mile-Cross "like embodied sunshine." He was hyper-sensitive in friendship as in everything else, and between him and Miss Mitford a passing cloud arose. But his confidence in Miss Barrett was always unshaken, and on hearing of his terrible end she wrote to Miss Mitford: —

The shock of poor Mr. Haydon's death overcame me for several days. . . . The week preceding the event he wrote several notes to me, and by his desire I have under my care boxes and pictures of his which he brought himself to the door. Never did I imagine it was other than one of the passing embarrassments so unhappily frequent with him. Once before he had asked me to give shelter to things belonging to him, which,

* Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Richard Hengist Horne. Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. Two vols., Bentley, 1877.

when the storm had blown over, he had taken back again. I did not suppose that in this storm he was to sink — poor noble soul!

Early in 1846 Miss Mitford had startling news to impart: —

My beloved friend Elizabeth Barrett is married! Love really is the wizard the poets have called him; a fact which I have always doubted until now. Never was such a miraculous proof of his power, as her travelling across France by diligence, by railway, by Rhone boat — and having arrived in Pisa, so much improved in health that Mrs. Jameson, who travelled with them, says she is "not merely improved but transformed." I do not know Mr. Browning, but this fact is enough to make me his friend.

Thenceforward a fresh interest arose for Miss Mitford, in watching the wonderful union of minds and hearts which began in the invalid's darkened room in Wimpole Street, and was completed in the sunshine of Casa Guidi. It pleased her greatly to record, as time went on, that Mrs. Browning was "at the Baths of Lucca, with her very fine, healthy child . . . so well that she scrambles up the mountains and loses herself in the chestnut forests;" or that at Venice she and her husband "might be found every evening in St. Mark's Place, drinking coffee and reading the French papers, after which they adjourned to the opera." A magical change, indeed, from those dark, suffering hours in London, when she wrote: "My future will not copy fair my past — on any leaf but Heaven's."

Miss Mitford's own life, as age and infirmity increased, became even quieter and more home-centred. In 1851 she removed to a cottage at Swallowfield, which she called small and ugly, but comfortable and dry; she soon beautified it with climbing roses, and made a pleasant seat under an acacia-tree, "loaded with snowy tassels waving like the green leaves, and wafting their rich perfume with every motion," and beside a syringa bush — "the English orange-tree, so charming in full flower."

She maintained her lively interest in the rising stars of literature, telling Mrs. Browning that a new acquaintance visiting in the neighborhood

is intimate with all the Tennysons, and speaks of them more highly than I ever heard any one — perhaps because she knows them better. She says that they are the most unworldly people she ever knew, valuing everybody by their personal qualities, apart from all considerations of rank, or wealth, or fame. Indolence is the besetting sin of the race, but they can work if they will. For instance, she made Alfred dig up the whole garden at her father's country living near Sevenoaks, and he did it capitally.

At Swallowfield Miss Mitford first received another writer, who had long been a friend through his works: —

Mr. Kingsley took me quite by surprise in his extraordinary fascination. I have never seen a man of letters the least like him, for in general the *beau-idéal* of a young poet remains a *beau-idéal*. They are mostly middle-aged, sometimes elderly, conceited, affected, foppish, vulgar. Mr. Kingsley is not only a high-bred gentleman, but has the most charming admixture of softness and gentleness, with spirit, manliness, and frankness, and a cordiality and courtesy that would win any heart. He did win his own sweet wife entirely by this charm of character. She was a girl of family, fortune, fashion, and beauty. He a young curate, without even literary distinction, for he had not then published. He loved her — she loved him, and they lived down and loved down a pretty strong family opposition, and were married. Since then Sir John Cope gave him the living of Eversley, and he has won a very high fame, and the love of all the neighborhood. He is quite young, and though, I suppose, he does not generally intend to go fox-hunting, yet it sometimes happens that his horse carries him into the midst of the chase, where he is eager and delighted as a boy. I cannot tell you how much I like him.

In December, 1852, Miss Mitford was thrown violently from her little pony-carriage, and besides being severely bruised, sustained injuries to the spine from which she never completely recovered. But she did not repine. She could still be carried to her favorite seat among her flowers, and she continued her literary work, although her pen often had to be dipped in the ink for her by others, and although the pressure of pecuniary necessity had been removed, at the time of Dr. Mitford's death, by a subscription, headed by the queen, for the purpose of paying the heavy debts he had incurred, and purchasing a small annuity for his daughter in addition to her pension.

Early in 1854 Miss Mitford completed her novel "Atherton," which she said "twice nearly killed her," in writing and in reading the proofs; and received a visit from Talfourd. Both felt, she said, that they parted for the last time, "although neither dreamt which strand of the cord was so soon to give way."*

* Talfourd died in March, while charging the grand jury in the Assize Court, Stafford.

The other frail strand could bear little further strain. After increasing suffering, endured most patiently — retaining to the very last her love of nature and of books, her sympathetic tenderness for her friends, and her faith in God — Mary Russell Mitford gently passed away.

And as she lay in her coffin [writes Mr. L'Estrange] her features — undisturbed by any trace of the cares, the vicissitudes, the illness that she had undergone, still bearing a resemblance to the miniature painted of her in childhood — were overspread by an expression of intense repose, and peace, and charity, such as no living face had ever known.

From Murray's Magazine.

MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

SIR GEORGE AS A DIPLOMATIST.

In times of emergency people who usually pass for being rather weak and silly, are apt to astonish their betters, and Marcia's behavior earned her golden opinions from the doctor and Mortimer when they arrived at her villa with their helpless charge. She was very pale, but she evidently realized that, if she was to be of any use, she must keep her nerves under control, and she did what she was told to do quietly and silently. Also she and Lady Wetherby had made such preparations as were necessary; so that the patient was very soon placed under conditions as favorable to his recovery as any conditions could be.

The doctor, however, declined to commit himself to any statement as to the probability of recovery. "It is very natural that you should ask me the question, my dear madam," he said to Marcia, not unkindly, "and you are so composed and sensible that I would willingly tell you the truth if I knew it. Only it is quite impossible for me or anybody else to know it yet. I should like, if you please, to have a second opinion; but I must warn you that at the best you will have to make up your mind to some days of uncertainty. That much is inevitable."

Nevertheless, the result of the consultation which was held that evening was, upon the whole, satisfactory, and when, on the following morning, her son began to show signs of returning consciousness, Marcia, for one, felt sure that he would live. Certainly, if careful nursing can keep life in a man, Willie had every chance given to him; for nothing could have exceeded his mother's patient and unwearied devotion. Neither by day nor by night could she be persuaded to leave his bedside; she seemed able to dispense with sleep; she displayed a marvellous intuitive knowledge of all that he wanted; and when by slow degrees his reason came back to him, she was more than rewarded by his helpless reliance upon her and by the faint smile which from time to time gave evidence of his gratitude. She felt that her boy was once more hers and hers alone. Of course he would get well and strong again; and then, perhaps, remembering these dark days, he would understand what apparently he had not altogether understood of late, that her love for him had never suffered change or diminution.

Perhaps it was because they knew him to be in such admirable and competent hands that his friends at Malton Lodge abstained from calling personally at the house. They sent every day to inquire how he was going on, and received replies which presumably contented them. At any rate, they were not missed by Marcia, while Willie, for his part, was too weak and confused to think at all. He had no recollection of the accident; he realized very little more than that he was ill and desperately tired, and that his mother was taking care of him. When at length he was pronounced out of danger and could talk for a few minutes at a time, and when the pain in his head became less wearing, he began to enjoy this irresponsible, irreflective, dependent sort of existence, which was very much like a return to childhood. He asked no questions; he was perfectly satisfied to lie there and be nursed and kissed and made comfortable. Only he was dimly aware of being on the old terms with his mother, which was perhaps as great a source of happiness to him as to her.

But naturally such a state of things could not last, and one day, while Marcia was sitting beside him, waiting patiently for him to open his eyes, he said: "Tell me all about it, mother. Have I had brain fever, or what has it been?"

"No, dear; you have had an accident," Marcia answered; "but we needn't talk about it yet."

"I want to know, though," he returned, with something of the petulance which belongs to convalescence. "I can't remember any accident. We are at Tor-

quay, aren't we? — and I have no horses here."

"It wasn't a hunting accident," Marcia explained; "you were hurt on board Mr. Mortimer's yacht. I can't tell you exactly what happened, because I haven't seen Laura Wetherby since she came to break the news to me, and I didn't pay very much attention to what she said at the time; but I think it was the mast, or a bit of the mast, that was broken off by the wind and fell upon you. Really people ought not to have such flimsy masts!"

"Or such flimsy skulls," Willie suggested, smiling.

He resumed, after a pause: "I think I am beginning to get hold of it now. I went out sailing with them, and we had to put back because Lady Wetherby was seasick, wasn't that it?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Marcia; "I didn't ask for particulars. All they told me was that you had been more than half killed; and there's no harm in my saying now that you have been very near death. Oh, my own dear Willie, if you only knew how thankful I am, and how frightened I have been!"

For the first time during his illness she broke down and burst into tears. Willie also had tears in his eyes, which, considering his weak state of health, did not, perhaps, disgrace his manhood; and, naturally enough, the current of his ideas was diverted by the embraces and assurances of mutual love which, as a matter of course, followed. But currents which have been diverted return inevitably in the long run to their original set; so that an interval of twenty minutes or so sufficed to bring the invalid back to the point of inquiring: "Have you any news to give me about Lady Evelyn?"

Marcia drew back at once and her voice changed. "I suppose you want to know whether she is going to marry that man or not," said she. "I haven't heard anything about it; but I should think she would marry him. Would you care so very much if she did?"

Willie made no reply for several moments; but at last he said: "I hope she won't. I can't believe that she is really fond of him."

"That means that you are fond of her. I was afraid of it, and I am very, very sorry that it is so. Oh, Willie, how can you be so foolish! The girl is neither pretty, nor nice, nor — nor anything! If she has encouraged you, that is only because she is greedy of admiration, as almost all girls are. But what is the use of talking? I should never convince you that I care a thousand times more for your little finger than she does for your whole body. Parents give and children take — that is one of the unalterable laws of nature, no doubt."

In all probability it is; yet some parents give more than others and some children are exceptionally grateful. Willie, at all events, was not insensible to his mother's loving care of him, nor was he disposed to cavil at the somewhat unreasonable form which her affection seemed to be taking. He had always understood her pretty well, and although he himself was not of a jealous temperament, he could make allowance for those who were otherwise constituted.

"It is quite possible to love more than one person at a time," he said quietly. "One loves different people in different ways, I suppose; but I know I shall never love anybody in the world in just the same way as I love you, mother. At one time I did think that you had forgotten me; but I shan't think so again, you may be sure. As for Lady Evelyn, she never gave me any encouragement at all; she was friendly and nothing more. I shall be sorry if she marries Mortimer, because, as I tell you, I don't believe she is really fond of him; but I am certain that she has not for one moment dreamt of marrying me."

"So am I," Marcia declared, rather cruelly. "Still you don't deny that you have dreamt of marrying her."

Everybody, surely, has a right to his dreams, however preposterous these may be, and Willie was about to put in a plea to that effect, when a knock at the door called his mother away.

While this colloquy — which, it must be admitted, was hardly of a nature to soothe the nerves of a convalescent — had been going on, another had been taking place down-stairs between Mr. Archdale and a very unexpected visitor. Poor Archdale had had a bad time of it since his stepson's accident. No attention whatever had been bestowed upon his personal comfort; his existence had been virtually ignored, and the quality of the dinners set before him had deteriorated in a most heartrending manner. He had made no complaint — partly, no doubt, because he had had nobody but Flossie to complain to — but he did feel that he was being rather hardly used, and he trusted that, as soon as Willie's broken head should be healed, the young man would see the propriety of taking himself off. Hospitality, after all, does not mean the keeping of a private hospital.

Now it came to pass that, just as he was inwardly debating whether it would not be right and kind to address a few lines to Blaydon Hall and to give other people a chance of helping to nurse the sick man, a card was brought to him which seemed quite like an answer to his unspoken prayer. He had not imagined that avuncular solicitude would bring Sir George Brett all the way down to Torquay; but, since such was apparently the case, he congratulated himself and hurried out into the hall to extend a warm welcome to the new-comer.

"I am delighted to see you, Sir George," said he. "It is many years since we last met."

Sir George, who was holding his hat and stick in his right hand, may have thought that it would be rude to offer his left to Mr. Archdale. At all events he abstained from doing so and answered curtly: "Yes, a good many years. Is it true that my nephew is lying in this house in a critical condition?"

"Please come in and sit down," said Archdale. "No, I believe that your nephew's condition is no longer considered to be critical, though he has had a narrow squeak for it. I suspect that for the first two days the doctors thought it was all up with him; but he has turned the corner now, and perhaps a change of air, as soon as he is fit to travel ——"

"I must say," observed Sir George, who had remained standing, "that I think a most extraordinary want of consideration has been shown for his aunt and myself. It was by mere chance that I heard of his accident through a paragraph in a weekly newspaper. Pray, sir, would you have thought it necessary to inform me of the circumstance if my nephew had died?"

"Undoubtedly I should," replied Archdale urbanely; "indeed, to tell you the truth, I was just thinking of writing to you when your card was given to me. I quite feel that you are entitled to an apology, though perhaps not from me personally, because I am a mere cipher in this house, and, as I have scarcely seen my wife since that unlucky day, I have had no means of knowing what has been done or left undone. Do sit down."

Sir George deposited himself upon a chair with an air of protest and reluctance. He hated holding any parley with this man; but he had had a long journey and a terrible fright, and he was beginning to feel very tired. He said: "I should like to see my nephew for a few minutes. There is no objection to my doing so, I presume?"

"None whatever, that I am aware of," answered Archdale "I'll ring and tell somebody to let my wife know that you are here. Meanwhile, you'll have some tea or — or a brandy and soda or something, won't you?"

Sir George rather stiffly declined any refreshment, but said he would be glad to hear a more detailed account of the accident than had come to his knowledge through the press. He was not, of course, told of one incident connected therewith which would have given him unfeigned satisfaction, because no revelation upon that delicate subject had been made to his informant; yet, while he listened, his features relaxed, for he was thinking to himself that worse luck may befall a diffident suitor than to be half killed before the eyes of the beloved one. He did not care to put more queries than he could help to Mr. Archdale, nor did he gratify that ill-used personage by intimating any intention of removing his nephew from the premises; but when he was conducted up-stairs and encountered Marcia upon the landing, he unbent so far as to shake hands with her.

"I confess, Mrs. Archdale," said he, "that I am amazed at your having neglected to communicate with me either by telegram or letter; still it is, I suppose, possible that this may have been due as much to anxiety and preoccupation as to heartlessness, and I feel that we owe you some thanks for your careful nursing of our poor boy."

He really meant to be gracious to a woman whom he disliked; but, as may be imagined, his words were not relished by Marcia, who flushed angrily.

"He is *not* your poor boy," she returned, "and I don't want to be thanked by anybody for having nursed my own son. As for my not having written to you, I was under the impression that you had refused to hold any communication with us."

"Ordinary rules do not apply to extraordinary circumstances," observed Sir George. "However, we will let that pass. Perhaps you will allow me to see Willie for a few minutes. I will not remain with him longer than you may think advisable in his present state."

So moderate a request could scarcely be refused, though Marcia would fain have refused it. She said: "You can go in for five minutes, if you like; but he ought not to talk much, and I hope you

will be very careful to say nothing that could excite or distress him."

Glancing at his watch, Sir George gave the required promise. Whatever may have been his shortcomings, he always kept his word, and precisely upon the expiration of the time allowed him, he emerged from the sick-room and rejoined Marcia, who, by dint of a vigorous call upon her reserve powers of generosity and self-control, had waited for him outside. He was so kind as to express once more the sentiments of gratitude which had already offended her.

"From what Willie has told me, and from what I myself have seen," said he, "I am convinced that nothing more could have been done for him than has been done. He is now, I hope, well advanced on the road towards recovery, and I shall lose no time in telegraphing to his aunt, who, as you will understand, is very anxious. I may possibly call again to-morrow morning; but in any case I shall leave this by the afternoon express."

He then bowed ceremoniously and withdrew, leaving it to be inferred that, the circumstances having ceased to be extraordinary, he saw no reason for offering his hand a second time to a lady with whom he did not wish to be upon speaking terms.

Marcia drew a long breath of relief when she heard the front door close behind him; for she had been in mortal terror lest he should have come to insist upon Willie's removal to Blaydon, and she had prepared herself for a struggle whence she had hardly expected to issue victorious. But, as things had fallen out, it seemed that there was little danger of her maternal privileges being infringed. "After all," she reflected rather shabbily, "I suppose neither he nor Caroline want to be burdened with an invalid. All they want is an heir, and I'm sure I don't grudge them that. On the contrary, I should be only too delighted if they would take themselves off and make room for him!"

Sir George, for his part, went away pretty well satisfied. He had honorably refrained from agitating his nephew; but he had thought it permissible to put certain questions with reference to Lady Evelyn, and the answers which he had received had been of a nature to render his own proper course of action quite clear to him. That, of itself, is always a source of legitimate satisfaction to the single-minded; so that he returned to his hotel feeling far more at ease than he had been on leaving it, and, after having despatched a reassuring telegram to Lady Brett, dined and slept well.

Now, the course of action as to the propriety of which Sir George was so decided was one which many people might consider a trifle audacious; but not many people are blessed with the comprehensive knowledge of the world and its inhabitants which Sir George Brett possessed. It was therefore without any misgivings that he ordered a fly on the ensuing morning and had himself driven up to Malton Lodge; nor was he at all surprised when the private interview with Lady Wetherby which he demanded was accorded to him. "She knows well enough what has brought me here," he thought to himself complacently, as he sat down and awaited her ladyship's entrance.

As a matter of fact, Lady Wetherby had not the faintest idea of what the man wanted. She came in presently and said how glad she had been to hear favorable reports of Willie's condition; after which she looked politely interrogative. Sir George, who was before all things a man of business, came to the point at once.

"I do not wish to appear too abrupt, Lady Wetherby," he began; "but I have not much time at my disposal, and I must beg you to excuse me if I don't beat about the bush. The long and the short of it is that this nephew of mine is desperately smitten with your daughter. I dare say that is no news to you. Well, then you will naturally ask what are his means and prospects, and I am ready to give you the fullest and most candid information."

Sir George accordingly went into figures, of which the magnitude was sufficiently imposing, and wound up by asking: "Now, what do you say, Lady Wetherby? Are you with me so far?"

Lady Wetherby looked, as she felt, a good deal perplexed. She had had no explanation with her daughter; she did not know whether Evelyn was conscious of having made that involuntary and incriminating ejaculation on board the yacht; she could not even tell for certain whether it had been overheard by Mr. Mortimer, who was still in Torquay, but whose attentions had undoubtedly become less marked since the day of the accident. Her impression, however, was that her pet scheme was doomed to failure; added to which, she desired nothing more ardently than her daughter's happiness — provided always that that result could be achieved by reasonable methods. Personally, she did not think that Willie Brett was quite well born enough to be her son-in-law;

still, if he was the man of Evelyn's choice and if he was to have all that money, she would not feel justified in turning her back upon him. To these conflicting sentiments she eventually gave utterance with much ingenuousness, admitting that she had noticed Willie's attachment to her daughter, but making no secret of the obstacles which she saw in the way of the proposed match.

"I am not at all sure that my son would approve of it," said she; "I cannot answer in any way for Evelyn herself, and, for my own part, I will tell you frankly that I have had other views ——"

"Yes, yes; I know all about that," interrupted Sir George without ceremony; "but I am not going to admit that Willie is this Mr. Mortimer's inferior. In point of pedigree he may be below him; but that doesn't count for a great deal in these days, and after what I have told you, you will perceive that he will be a considerably more wealthy man — subject, that is, to conditions which I will specify presently. May I take it that, if my nephew cannot count upon your support, he can count at least upon your neutrality?"

That word seemed to describe Lady Wetherby's mental attitude correctly enough, and she signified her assent. "But I hope you understand," said she, "that the decision rests with my daughter, not with me. I have always thought that she had a right to choose for herself, and that I should have no right to thwart her, unless she chose a man of bad character or one whose means were insufficient."

"Exactly so," agreed Sir George approvingly — for in truth this was just what he had wanted Lady Wetherby to say. "Well, I don't think you will find a better or steadier young man in England than my nephew, and I have told you what his means will probably be. It now only remains for me to state my conditions, which I hope you will consider justifiable. Mrs. Archdale, I know, is an old friend of yours, so I will say nothing against her; but as regards her husband, I am entitled to say behind his back what I should not hesitate to say to his face: namely, that he is an idle spendthrift and that I do not mean him to live in luxury upon his stepson for the rest of his days. He or his wife — it doesn't much matter which — has already borrowed money of Willie, and if that sort of thing is not nipped in the bud it is sure to go on and increase. Consequently, I have told Willie — and what I have said I shall stick to — that any future loan made by him to his mother will entail the loss of every penny that he would otherwise inherit at my death, and I may add that it would entail the forfeiture of the very handsome allowance that I propose to make to him upon his marriage."

"And did he agree to that?" inquired Lady Wetherby, a little taken back.

"I can't say that he did. He is not wanting in common sense; but he is young and does not know the value of money. Moreover, he is fond of his mother — having seen nothing of her since he was a child."

"I don't think we can fairly blame him for being fond of his mother," observed Lady Wetherby, laughing.

"It isn't a question of praise or blame; it is a question of whether he is to be allowed to make a fool of himself or not. It is also a question of whether he is to be allowed to make a fool of me, and to that I am ready with a decisive reply. I can devote my money to more useful purposes than the maintenance of the Archdale family."

"Well, but," objected Lady Wetherby, "if he won't make a promise which I really doubt whether I should make if I were in his place, what is to be done?"

"Simply this," answered Sir George: "he must be given to understand that unless he complies with my conditions, he may as well give up all hope of ever winning Lady Evelyn. He will not throw his mother overboard to please me or to get my money; as I tell you, he is young, and, in some respects, foolish. But throwing the girl whom he loves overboard will be quite another matter. I merely wish to be able to tell him upon your authority that you will not consent to your daughter's marriage with a pauper, and in telling him so I shall not exceed the limits of truth, I believe?"

"It is true that I do not think Evelyn would be happy as the wife of a poor man," answered Lady Wetherby slowly. "At the same time, I do not quite like threatening him with such a severe punishment for doing what I suppose we all feel that our children ought to do for us. I know very little about Marcia Archdale's circumstances; but they may be worse than I imagined. Suppose she were to fall into a state of absolute destitution?"

"My dear madam," answered Sir George, "her husband can support her perfectly well if he chooses to work; but he won't work unless he is driven to it. That is the long and the short of the

whole matter. As for me, I am an old man; I cannot expect to live for more than another ten years, though I may reasonably expect to live as long, and it is hardly possible for me to place restrictions upon the spending of my fortune after my death. But in ten years' time Willie will know a good deal more than he knows now. For the present I must be firm. I have put my terms before you; may I ask whether they meet with your approval?"

"I don't think I can say any more than I have said," Lady Wetherby replied, after a moment of consideration. "It is my duty to insist, so far as I can, upon adequate provision being made for my daughter; but any understanding that may be entered into between you and your nephew is your concern. I would rather not be mixed up in it."

"That is enough," Sir George declared. "I feel that my position is now very greatly strengthened, and I will not trespass any farther upon your time."

He added some formal words of thanks and withdrew, quite pleased with the diplomatic ability which he believed himself to have displayed. If the lever which he now held under his hand was not powerful enough to jerk that young man clean out of the rut of mistaken filial sentiment, why then the young man must be such a consummate fool that no sane person would dream of leaving him a fortune.

CHAPTER XLII.

MORTIMER TAKES LEAVE.

SIR GEORGE went straight off to demand a farewell interview with his nephew, which Marcia, who received him, willingly sanctioned. If all he wanted was to say good-bye, he might do that, and welcome. She would doubtless have shown herself less amenable had she divined the true nature of his errand; but, little though she liked her brother-in-law, she did not give him credit for such malignant ingenuity as was implied in his present system of tactics, and of course it was none of his business to enlighten her. But with Willie Sir George was quite straightforward and plain spoken.

"Now, my boy," said he briskly, as he seated himself by the bedside, with a hand on each knee, "I've brought you a piece of good news which will do more for you than all the doctor's tonics, I hope. I've just been having a little talk with Lady Wetherby about your love affairs, and I'm glad to tell you that she agrees with me in thinking you a very eligible suitor for her daughter's hand."

Willie's large eyes, which looked unnaturally large now that his face had become so pale and thin, grew larger still, and a sudden light leapt into them. "Did she really say that?" he asked breathlessly.

"Why in the world shouldn't she, you silly fellow? I told her what your prospects were, I told her what I was prepared to do for you on your marriage, and, like a sensible woman as she is, she admitted that you are not the sort of fish that one lands and then throws back into the water. In point of fact, she took precisely the view which I was sure that she would take. Upon the understanding that you are to be my heir you may pay your addresses to Lady Evelyn; but not otherwise. I explained to her that you would certainly be my heir, subject to the one condition that you know of. Under the circumstances, I hope and believe that you will see the absolute necessity of complying with that condition; but I don't wish to argue about it. I prefer to leave the matter in your hands, only assuring you that neither Lady Wetherby nor I can alter our decision."

Willie, for his part, had no inclination to argue. His brain still worked feebly, and just now it was fully occupied with the amazing fact that Lady Wetherby had consented upon any terms to hear of him as a wooer.

"I can't understand it," he said, after a pause. "Has Lady Evelyn refused Mortimer, then? Did you see her?"

"Oh, no," answered Sir George, laughing; "I can deal with old ladies, but you must undertake the young ones. I didn't inquire whether Mr. Mortimer had been refused or not; but it is evident that he hasn't been accepted, so you may draw your own conclusions from that. I should say that you had nothing to do but to get well as quickly as you can and then go in and win. Don't you fall into the mistake of undervaluing yourself, young man; Lady Evelyn won't do badly when she marries you, you may depend upon it."

Willie had very little to say in reply to this encouraging assurance, nor did he pay much heed to his uncle's final exhortation, which, when summed up, amounted only to a solemn warning against the folly of quarrelling with one's bread and butter.

"Understand me," Sir George concluded; "I do not ask you to do anything shabby or mean. Such an accident and illness as you have had must necessarily

entail considerable expense, and it would not be fair that this should fall upon Mrs. Archdale. Indeed, I should be very sorry to think that you or I were in any way indebted to her. I have therefore written a cheque in your favor for £200, which ought to be sufficient to pay the doctor, and compensate her for any outlay that she may have incurred. If it is not you can let me know. What I will not permit is that her husband should look upon you as a possible source of income; and the sooner you make that clear to him the better."

After Sir George had taken his departure Willie had leisure to think matters over (for Marcia had been waylaid by her husband, who wanted to know how long this preposterous manner of life was likely to last, and had to be pacified at some expenditure of time and patience). Well, amid so much that was uncertain, there stood out one great and indisputable fact: Lady Wetherby was no longer opposed to his candidature. To what this unexpected change of front might be due, Willie could not conjecture — possibly to Mortimer's rejection, possibly to the golden promises held out by his uncle. But, whatever might be its cause, its importance, taken in conjunction with the equally important fact that during all this time Lady Evelyn had not plighted her troth elsewhere, could hardly be overrated. And then, as was but natural, he began to ask himself whether the stipulation imposed upon him was of so unjust a nature that he could not submit to it. He remembered Drake's warning; he himself doubted the abstract wisdom of supplying his lazy step-father with funds; moreover, his own resources would not enable him to do this, except to a very limited extent, while his uncle's would not, of course, be available for such a purpose. Upon the whole, it seemed as if he might very fairly represent that he was fettered by the unalterable decision of others.

However, he said nothing about all this to his mother, who, when she came into the room, was too full of her personal grievances to ask questions.

From that day forward Willie's convalescence proceeded rapidly. He was very eager to get well, very eager for news of his friends at Malton Lodge, and all the more so after he heard from his mother that Lady Wetherby had at last been to call. It did not appear that Lady Wetherby had said anything worthy of record in the course of her visit, and she had not been accompanied by her daughter; still, the mere circumstance that she had walked up to the house was not without significance, and Willie made so bold as to request that when she next came he might be allowed to see her. For that privilege he waited in vain; but, one mild, sunny morning, when he was lying on his sofa beside the window, which, despite the advanced season of the year, had been thrown open for his benefit, a visitor was announced whom he was almost, if not quite, as glad to see.

"Well, old man," said Mr. Mortimer, shaking him heartily by the hand, "you've had a rough time of it, haven't you? But you're pretty well all right again now, eh?"

"I shall be soon, they tell me," answered Willie; "but I can't walk yet and I am as weak as a cat. Still I believe I'm round the corner. Sit down and tell me the news. What have you been doing with yourself all this long time?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Mortimer. "Playing golf — loafing about — one thing and another. I should have hooked it long ago, only I didn't like to go till I was sure you were out of danger; you see, I feel that I'm in a sort of way responsible for your misfortune, though, goodness knows, I wouldn't have had such a thing happen for a thousand pounds. However, I think I can safely take my ticket now; and in point of fact I've come to say good-bye. I'm off to-morrow morning to do a few weeks of shooting. I hear first-rate accounts from my keeper, I'm glad to say; so I hope to get some fellows down and have a good time."

It was noticeable that his manner was somewhat unnaturally jovial, and that after the first moment he showed a disinclination to look his friend in the face. The latter felt that it was quite out of his power to keep up a conversation upon indifferent topics; so, at the risk of giving offence, he asked presently, —

"How have things gone with you, Mortimer?"

"Oh, middling well, thank you," replied the other; "I haven't much to complain of, except an overdose of Torquay. I doubt whether I shall ever revisit this enchanting spot."

"You know what I mean," persisted Willie; "you can't have forgotten what you said to me the day before we went out in the yacht. Has she refused you?"

"Hasn't had the chance, my dear boy. When one is perfectly certain of being refused, one takes the liberty of sparing oneself an unpleasant five minutes. I

freely admit that I've been as blind as a bat and as stupid as an owl; but more by good luck than good guidance, I did discover just in time that I might about as well propose to the empress of China as to Lady Evelyn. I suppose you knew that all along. Or didn't you know?"

Willie shook his head. "How could I know?" he asked. "I thought she would most likely accept you; only, to tell the truth, I didn't think she was exactly in love with you."

"H'm! that isn't over and above complimentary to her; but you can make her an apology if you like, because, you see, you did her an injustice."

"I suppose I did," said Willie meditatively; "but, as she doesn't know that I was unjust and probably wouldn't care if she did know, I don't think I'll risk the impertinence of an apology. From what she said I gathered that she liked you without being in love with you, and that she considered that sufficient for all intents and purposes. Personally, I can't believe that mere liking is sufficient; and that's why I won't pretend to be sorry for you, Mortimer."

"Have I asked you to be sorry for me?" Mortimer inquired. "I should have been very sorry for myself if she had accepted me only because I am more or less a matrimonial prize; but I am glad to say that I don't believe she ever contemplated anything of the sort. You apparently do."

Willie could not deny that he had so believed. In his own mind he had made many excuses for the girl whom he loved; but he did not feel much inclined to state these by way of excusing himself, and it looked as though a conversation which at the outset had promised to be interesting would not leave him much wiser with regard to Lady Evelyn than he had been before. But Mortimer, after sitting silent for a few moments, startled him by resuming suddenly, —

"I say, Brett, I want you to tell me something. You needn't unless you choose; only I took you into my confidence, you know, so it isn't an unpardonable piece of presumption to ask for yours. Are you yourself in love with Lady Evelyn?"

Nobody altogether enjoys answering a question of that kind; but Willie could not help feeling that his questioner was entitled to an honest reply, and this he accordingly gave, getting rather red in the face over it and stammering a good deal. "But I hope you understand," he added, "that I never meant to deceive you. I would have told you the truth before; only I didn't see what possible difference it would make to you. And indeed I don't see now."

"That's all right, old chap," said Mortimer, holding out his hand with good-humored magnanimity. "I only wanted to know; I didn't suspect you of having been anything but perfectly straight with me. As you say, your telling me wouldn't have made a bit of difference. I should have proposed all the same, because, to be quite frank, I shouldn't have thought much of your chances. I think a good deal of them now; I think you will get what you want, and — and I'm sincerely glad of it. What's the use of being a dog in the manger? Being out of the hunt oneself isn't a reason for grudging another man his luck, especially when he's a good fellow, as you are."

This was really handsome behavior, and so Willie thought. He tried, so far as Anglo-Saxon reticence would allow him, to express his appreciation of it, and he also tried, as all of us probably would have done in his place, to find out what reason his friend had for speaking with such confidence. These latter efforts, however, met with no success. Mortimer would only say that he had taken note of certain trifling incidents and had drawn his own deductions therefrom. He was not prepared to reveal, nor in truth could he honorably have revealed, a secret which had been involuntarily betrayed in his presence.

Nevertheless, he was extremely friendly and encouraging; so much so that after a time Willie, taking heart of grace, confided to him the dilemma in which he found himself, owing to the restrictions placed upon him by his uncle, and asked for his advice.

"You see," said he, "it just comes to this; even supposing that you are right and that Lady Evelyn would take me if I asked her, I can't possibly ask her without binding myself down never to lend another sixpence to my mother. I've tried to see my way to making that promise, but the more I think of it the less I like it. It would be too abominably selfish and ungrateful. Now, don't you think it would?"

"Oh, you couldn't do it if your mother were in a condition of penury," Mortimer agreed; "but I should think she was a very long way removed from that. Why, her husband's pictures are worth any amount of money, aren't they?"

"I believe he gets fair prices; but he doesn't seem to paint much, and, as far as I can make out, he spends all that he gets. Of course, if you live beyond your income you must be in trouble, whether your income is large or small."

"Ah, well, that alters the case. You aren't bound to help Mr. Archdale to live beyond his income, and you certainly aren't bound to ruin yourself in the attempt. It looks to me as if your uncle had pretty well settled the question for you. He says, 'If you won't give me your word not to spend my money in a certain way, you shan't have the money at all.' Well, there you are. If Mrs. Archdale is a rational human being, she'll understand that you would be delighted to accommodate her if you could, but that you can't. Besides, Lady Evelyn has some claim to be considered. I suppose you care more for her than you do for your mother, don't you? At all events, you ought."

Willie nodded assent, though he did not feel entirely satisfied. The advice given to him was just what he, or anybody else, would have given under the circumstances; yet he shrank from acting upon it. To be sure, there was no need for him to take immediate action. The first thing to be done was to ascertain whether he really had any prospect of succeeding with Lady Evelyn, and this Mortimer urged him to do without delay.

"The sooner you are put into a fly or a bath-chair or something and trundled over to Malton Lodge the better," was the opinion of that sage and generous counsellor; "it won't do for you to lie here fretting yourself to fiddle-strings. Not that there's anything to fret about, because it will be all right, you'll find. Well, good-bye, Brett; we shall meet again one of these days, I hope, but I don't mean to turn up at your wedding. There are some things that one would a little rather hear about than see, you know."

From The Fortnightly Review.

RURAL LIFE IN FRANCE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

DURING the Middle Ages the country was inhabited, much as to-day, by three distinct classes of persons — the nobles, the yeomanry, and the peasants; distinct but capable of interfusion. Then as now — and especially in the time of which we treat, when the great wealth of the middle classes had already begun to transform a society still feudal in appearance — many a noble, impoverished by warfare or mismanagement, sold the fattest acres of his lands to the wealthy merchant from the country town.* Then as now many a frugal shepherd laid by a penny here, a farthing there, till, with the little profits of his wage, he bought a plot of ground, a barn, a cabin; continuing meanwhile his earlier service; until his repeated and accumulated savings, enriched by the harvests of his rood of land, were sufficient to purchase a considerable farm.† Then as now the son of many such a peasant farmer, migrating to the town, became a wealthy merchant,‡ a man who lived in greater luxury and spent with greater profusion than the nobles, and who, on account of the services he could render them, in an age conspicuous for its lack of ready money, mixed with them almost on equal terms; and finally, in those, as in these days, the king at Paris knighted § many and many an eminent citizen, endowed him with an escutcheon, and married his sons into the oldest families. The burgher class was thus a sort of omnibus by which the serf jolted on, through several generations, towards the peerage; only, the journey being long, and demanding not merely talent and perseverance, but rare qualities of endurance, it was undertaken with success only by exceptional persons.

These exceptional persons are beyond the narrow limits of this paper; some other time, perhaps, we may examine the interesting question of the transition from class to class in the end of the Middle Ages; but to-day our business is with the humbler rural folk, the yeoman farmer, the tenant on the estate, the day laborer; with the wages they earned and the pence

* See the "Comtes des Frères Bonis," merchants at Montauban during the second half of the fourteenth century, recently published (1890) by M. Ed. Forestier. Bonis himself possessed in the vicinity of Montauban lands and houses to the value of between sixty and seventy thousand pounds sterling, modern value; which did not prevent his selling his goods with his own hands in the smallest detail.

† See "Bonis," ccviii. Among Bonis's servants the swineherd, Jean Chaussenoire, bought a vineyard; the neatherd, Salona, two houses in town; another neatherd, a house on the banks of the Aveyron. In 1366, under the English, a shepherdess comes to Bonis and entrusts him with her savings: three-and-thirty pounds! Bonis's valet, a man at wages of five pounds a year, possessed enough land to take four hundred and thirty litres (two septiers) of wheat at the sowing.

‡ Léopold Delisle, "L'Agriculture Normande au Moyen Age." See pp 8-17, an account of the position of the *hospites*, who, often burghers in the town, were little better than serfs in the country.

§ For example, the Marmosets of Charles V.; but this king knighted numerous burghers of Paris.

they saved, the food they ate and the clothes they wore, the schools they sent their children to, the drugs they brewed for themselves or bought in time of sickness — all the sum of the continuous inglorious effort which, in a time of unexampled disaster, helped their country to bear up against an untoward fate, and sent her down to future ages prosperous and free.

The yeoman farmer, or vavassour, was the aristocrat of his condition; his ancestors were freemen, and he himself, though less than noble, had certain of a noble's privileges; he was free to quit or sell his estates at will, free to marry whom he would; there were even vavassours who held their land by military service. But as a class they paid a rent to their lord, were constrained to till a portion of his lands, and to furnish him yearly with a draught-horse for his stable, differing in this from the noble, who held his lands by faith, by homage, and by military service, paid no rent, and owed no *corvée*. Nevertheless a wealthy vavassour was, as we should say, a country gentleman. In time of peace he lived with a certain state and order; in time of war he carried a lance and rode to battle on horseback with his men behind him. There were, of course, poor vavassours, who paid less rent and performed a more considerable *corvée*, and (for the limits of class were little less elastic then than now) if some among the yeoman farmers rose almost to equality with the noble, there were unthrifty and ruined vavassours * who were less considerable than their neighbor the saving cottager or the prosperous tenant on the estate.

The vavassour, with the colon or rich farmer, and the small freeholder, formed an upper class among the agricultural population. Immediately below them came the descendants of the class of *hospites*, or, as we may call them, the tenants-on-the-estate, men who were not wholly free, who might not sell their lands or marry without the express permission of their feudal lord, and who, should he be taken in battle, might be taxed to the verge of ruin to raise his ransom. These men, in fact, were serfs; but there were degrees in serfage; besides, in the meaning that we attach to the word, serfage was extinct by the end of the fourteenth century. There was no acknowledged exercise of arbitrary power. The relations of the peasant to the lord of the manor were as well defined as those of the lord himself towards his feudal suzerain. True, the peasant might not sell his lands or marry without leave; but, in practice, this meant merely that he paid his landlord a slight tax on these occasions, even as we pay a legacy due to the State on coming into an inheritance. Certainly he was in theory *taillable et corvéable à volonté;* but the dues and *corvées* were almost invariable; they were attached rather to the land than to the lessee. A certain property carried a certain tax and *corvée* with it, let who would be the tenant. That is to say, in an age when ready money was (owing to the anathema of the Church against usury or any rate of interest) locked almost exclusively in the hands of the merchants or in the excommunicated treasury of the Jews, rent was paid, not only in cash (which the tenant had but rarely at his disposal), but in kind and in labor. For instance, a farmer renting an estate worth £20 a year, would agree to pay £5 in cash, £10 in corn and poultry, and the remaining £5 in a certain number of days' labor spent in performing certain tasks, always rigorously determined beforehand. It was left for later centuries to abuse a custom which, in its origin, was at least as convenient to the tenant as to the proprietor of the estate. The tenant on the estate — serf as he was, and object of our hereditary pity — occupied, in fact, a situation not unlike that which Mr. Chamberlain (even more benevolent than Henri IV.) would assure to every cottager in his kingdom. In Normandy the cottage and outhouses of the tenant covered a square of eighty feet, the paddock and garden adjoining measured two Norman acres — nearly six acres of to-day. These dimensions appear to have been invariable,* but the amount of income derived from the farm varied naturally with the quality of the soil and the character of the tenant. A rich tenant farmer was the equal of an unthrifty yeoman, and it was not uncommon for the same person to be a tenant farmer in the country and a merchant in the nearest market-town. The tenants furnished many thriving and adventurous recruits to the burgher class. They were often men of means, living very simply, and amassing year by year the greater part of the profits of the farm. The names of many among them are registered as the donators of the abbeys and churches of their countryside. Below this solid, thriv-

* For the full description of the origin and class of vavassours, we refer our readers to L. Delisle, "L'Agriculture Normande au Moyen Age"

* Delisle, *op. cit.*, pp. 8–17 and 300.

ing, and generous class, whose serfdom in the fourteenth century was merely the matter of a traditionary tax or two, came the real children of the soil, the *peasants*, *villains* or *rustics*, renters of a tiny holding, for which they paid with little money and much service; and, lower still, the *cotters*, or *bordarii*, holders of a mere hut and patch of garden — men who seldom, if ever, handled coin, who paid for their bread with the sweat of their brow, and for whom the heaviest *corvées* were reserved.

The *corvées* on all estates were pretty much the same. I have never yet met in mediæval documents with anything resembling the refined and fantastic *corvées* of the eighteenth century; no mediæval peasants that I know of were stationed by the moat all night to beat the water with their flails and keep the frogs from croaking. The first and most essential *corvée* of the fourteenth century — which cottars, tenants, yeomen, were alike compelled to perform in their due degree — was the service of transport.

We can scarcely realize the difficulties of agriculture in an age when each countryside was constrained to live almost exclusively upon its own resources. The roads were so few,,so bad, and so unsafe, that rarely any product, however unnecessary in its immediate district, and however urgently needed a hundred miles away, could be conveyed to the best market. Thus, while more than half of Normandy was under forest, the monks on the marshes of the Cotentin had to cook their meals and warm their chill refectories in winter time by a brief blaze of straw and cowdung. Corn, it is true, when thrashed and ground, was sent from place to place; but bulkier crops, such as fodder, hay, and vetch, were rarely, if ever, carried any distance; when the hay harvest was ended, the farmer would calculate how many heads of cattle he could provision through the winter months, and at Martinmas he killed for salting as many as exceeded his means of sustenance.* There was, however, a certain amount of carrying indispensable on every great estate: the transport of manure and marl and lime, for dressing the soil; the carrying of the master's corn and wine to and from the winepress and the mill; and especially the carting from the forest of the wood necessary for firing and repairs. For this first and typical *corvée*, the yeoman gave a draught-horse, the tenant lent his team and cart, the cottar furnished the strength of his thews and sinews. But let it be remembered, this with every other form of *corvée* might always, at the will of the tenant, be transmuted into a sum of money. For the *corvée*, as we have said already, was merely one of the forms of rent. The full *corvée* was not exacted in every lease. With the service of transport the yeoman's duties usually ended. Yet he sometimes, and the tenant farmer always, was responsible for the tilling of a certain specified number of his master's acres. The full *corvée* exacted of rustics and cottars added to the service of carrying and ploughing, the duties of cleaning the manorial stables and outhouses, of digging marl and lime, of gathering manure for the fields, cutting thatch for the roof, thrashing the corn, making the hay, cleaning the moat, washing and shearing the sheep, and helping in the vintage. It must be remembered that, although men on *corvée* received no pay, they were very amply fed throughout the term of their voluntary labor. We may therefore look upon the cottar — the man who gave no money but so many days a week in all seasons to his master — as having signed a contract to work a certain portion of his landlord's estate in return for the usage of a smaller portion of which the profits remain exclusively to himself; receiving in return for his service and in addition to his plot of ground, a house to cover him, tools to work with, and his full keep for every day spent upon his master's business.

France in the Middle Ages, and even in the earlier half of the fourteenth century, was still a vast agglomeration of heterogeneous races with different customs and different traditions. Surrey was as French as Aquitaine was English; Brittany was still a separate and generally an inimical country; Burgundy, Provence, and even Périgord were petty sovereignties independent of the crown of France. These different districts had each their manner of letting land and providing for its tillage. We will hastily examine a few methods sufficiently important to have descended in some transmuted shape into the economy of modern France.

But let us glance first of all at England, nearest home and most interesting to us — England, whose agricultural wealth had more than tripled under the wise organization of the Normans. There the peasants' "duties" were substantially the same as the *corvées* of the French, and rent was also paid partly in money, partly in produce, and partly in labor — the last

* Thorold Rogers, History of Prices, i. 16.

commutable at will, and very often commuted, it would appear; for Mr. Thorold Rogers tells us that the fixed rate of the duty was sixpence for the ploughing-*corvée* of every man. An average farm employed the farmer or bailiff, a ploughman, a driver, at least one carter, a cowherd, a swineherd, a shepherd, and a dairywoman; and, as in France, each of these persons had land and cattle of their own; the dairywoman would purchase with her savings one of her master's calves; the shepherd drove his own little flock to pasture with his master's sheep. These servants were generally paid in part by their maintenance; sometimes, but very rarely, in corn and cattle. In 1380 the average English price for the mowing of an acre was eightpence half-penny *— much less than in Normandy, where in 1390 the mowing of an acre was paid twenty-five sols;† but it must be remembered that the Norman was three times as large as the English one. An English thatcher was paid nearly fivepence a day; a cooper, a plasterer, a carpenter, about as much; women earned at least a penny a day at cleaning the stubble and cutting straw for thatching.‡ It must be premised that all these prices apply to the second half of the fourteenth century, when the great plague, by thinning the population, had greatly raised the rate of wages. In a former article we have shown how difficult it is to compare the coinage of a past age with our own; there is no absolute rule, since the price of all articles has not increased in an equal ratio; still, after much reflection and after taking counsel with many scholars competent to advise, we think we may suggest that the reader, in order to form an approximate ideal of mediæval values, should multiply the actual intrinsic worth of every coin by eight. The intrinsic value of the livre, under Charles V. was, as nearly as possible, equal to the modern half sovereign; so that, multiplied by eight, we should calculate the purchasing power of the livre at £4 English, the sol at about 4*s.*, while the denier may stand as the fourpenny bit. We must therefore represent the normal wage of the English husbandman under Edward III. and Richard II., as averaging 2*s.* a day; a rate little if any inferior to that which he receives at the present time.

The stock was generally let with the land. On comparing M. Delisle with Mr. Thorold Rogers it is interesting to see that the hire of a cow was exactly the same on either side the Channel, *i.e.*, five sols (let us say one pound) a head per annum. At the expiry of the lease the tenant was bound to restore the same amount of seed and stock as he had received on entering. In those days, as in these, the chief profits of farming were derived from live stock, and the growing of corn was rather a necessity than a fruitful source of revenue.

Notwithstanding her temperate winters and rich soil, England was inferior to France in the practice of agriculture. The land, ploughed four times a year in the south of France,* was ploughed only once in England,† and there is no record of any harrowing or rolling. The crops chiefly grown were wheat, barley, oats, peas, beans, and vetches; hemp, so abundant a crop in France, was less frequently harvested. The English kitchen garden was then as now singularly deficient. We, who to-day possess as a rule neither chicory, cardon, nor sorrel in our borders, who seldom stew or stuff a cucumber, and are unaware what excellent soup may be made from a cabbage with a little butter, were still poorer in invention in the Middle Ages; though at least in those days our dinners were not saddened and soddened by the boiled potato. "Onions, nettles, mustard, leeks, and peas were the only esculent vegetables," according to Mr. Thorold Rogers. "We probably also possessed cabbage, but I have never found either seed or plants quoted."‡

Across the Channel, brussels-sprouts (or *pommes-de-choux*), three other kinds of cabbage, winter-greens, spinach and sorrel, beetroot, carrots, turnips, beans and peas, lettuce and the large kind known as Romaine (introduced into France from Avignon by Bureau de la Rivière), sweet basil, with every kind of herb, cucumbers, garlic, leeks and onions, rhubarb and fennel, were in daily and abundant cultivation; violet leaves cooked like spinach or served as a salad, the green ears of wheat boiled with melted butter, and the young burgeons of the vine, dressed with a *sauce piquante*, were additions to the table of which, for some reason, we have lost the habit.§ The fruit

* Thorold Rogers, History of Prices, i. 278.
† L. Delisle, L'Agriculture Normande, p. 620.
‡ The women who sheared the sheep in Anjou were paid for their trouble in loaves of white bread (Joubert, Vie privée en Anjou au XV. siècle, p. 25.)

* Bonis.
† Thorold Rogers, i. 16.
‡ History of Prices, *loc. cit.* and p. 66.
§ See especially the treatise on gardening in the "Menagier de Paris." There is also a valuable chapter on the kitchen garden in M. L. Delisle's "L'Agriculture Normande au Moyen Age." Most of the

garden in England was as behindhand as the kitchen garden. "We read of no plums, except one of damsons." We had not yet invented our famous William pear, which to-day, in the gardens of Touraine, rivals the more ancient Bon Chrétien, already common and celebrated in the fourteenth century. The peaches of Anjou, the plums of Orleans, the figs of Poictiers, the French grapes and almonds, had nothing to fear from Anglo-Norman competition. Apples were, however, equally abundant in the kingdom of King Edward and the kingdom of the Valois; and we may suppose that the wild fruits of the cherry, raspberry, and strawberry, domesticated in every French *potager*, could not have been unknown in England.

If the English, then as now, were little acquainted with the charm and cheapness of a vegetable diet, then as now their meat was better and less expensive than in France; and English wool was quite unrivalled. The chief wealth of the farmer grew on the curly backs of his flock. Wool from the fat meadows of England was exported in exchange for wine from the dry and sunny slopes of France. Another national industry had begun to develop: English hops and English beer were already widely known, and compensated the acidity of English wine. The vine, grown round many a monastery in the south of our island, never received — and, owing to our watery sunshine, never could receive — any extensive culture. It is most unlikely, in an age when the wines of Gascony and English Bordeaux were continually introduced into the mother country, that English wine was grown for drinking. It was probably cultivated for the service of the mass, in small quantities round every abbey, as in Normandy. The accidents of warfare might intercept the vessels that brought the wine of Gascony to English shores; and but for the humble vineyards of Kent and Middlesex, an incident of the Hundred Years' War might practically, at any moment, have placed the English under ban of excommunication.

We have seen that in England, as in Normandy, the farmer paid his landlord partly in money (the rent of an acre of meadow land in Normandy averaged about £1 15*s.* per annum* per Norman acre, or £7 sterling for three English acres, while arable land cost less than half as much), partly in money and partly in labor; but more in money and in labor than in kind. In the south of France the system was somewhat different; the tenant paid his proprietor chiefly in the produce of the land. Owing to the kindness of Madame Marcel Dieulafoy I have been able to look through several leases of farms near Toulouse at the present time; and I have been interested, and even surprised, to see how little the leases of the farms round Montauban, in 1350, published by M. Forestier in the accounts of the Brothers Bonis, differ from the actual leases in use to-day for farms let *en métayage* in the south of France.

The mediæval farmer in Aquitaine and Gascony was simply a partner of the proprietor, for the exploitation of his lands and stock. The one furnished the land, the cattle, and even the implements, as well as the seed for the first sowing. The other supplied his time, his labor, the keep of cattle, and the repair of instruments. The harvests were generally divided equally between the two partners, save in the case of wheat and wine, of which the landlord usually reserved himself a larger share. Here is a lease for the year 1351, drawn up between the merchant Bonis, of Montauban, and two of his *gasaillers*, or farmers.

Montauban. 2nd October, 1351.

The Second October, 1351, we agreed for the lease with R. Picard and Rochelle, our Gasaillers. And we agreed that I shall sow or give the seed. We shall share the harvest in the field *au tiers et à la moitie* [a third for wheat and half for other grains] the largest half being mine. The meadows and other lands are to remain as before: *i.e.*, Picard and Rochelle are to pay me an annual rent of two livres [£8 sterling].*

In another lease for the year 1353 the farmer pays for the arable land with half its produce; but for the house, the garden, and as much meadow land as a man would take two days to mow, he pays a yearly rental of forty sols in money, and ten brace of capons,† worth, I suppose, a little over a livre. The same leases give us particulars as to the wages of farm servants in the south of France. In 1358 a

plants quoted were already grown in the gardens of Charlemagne.

* Owing to the similarity of the signs used for denoting modern and mediæval money, we have decided to write the mediæval sums in full face; £5 2*s.* 6*d.* must therefore be read as five livres, five sols, six deniers.

* Bonis, cxcv. These prices are not very different from those of our days; a farm servant in Gascony to-day receives about £40 a year.

† The value of a fine fattened capon was about two sols; an ordinary capon one sol; a fowl, seven deniers. (Delisle, p. 585.)

cowherd received nine livres a year (say £36 of our money) and a pair of shoes; a swineherd, probably a boy, four livres a year and his shoes; a shepherd, six livres a year (£24) and his shoes; an old woman-servant, two livres a year (about £8), her shoes and a warm petticoat. We must remember that in those days, as in these, the servants on a Gascon farm were housed at the expense of the farmer, the tenant, not the landlord, being responsible for the wages of his husbandmen.

There were several ways of hiring stock. On many farms the cattle were supplied by the landlord, the tenant being bound, at the expiry of his lease, to restore the flock and herds as numerous and in as good condition as he found them. They were also let *à cheptel*. Rochelle, the farmer of Bonis, hires from his landlord a pair of oxen worth twelve livres; for the use of them he pays every year a rent of three septiers of wheat (about 650 litres), but for every septier of wheat he is accounted to have acquired a right to one-twelfth part of the cattle, so that at the end of four years the team becomes the property of Rochelle. This system (not unlike the three years' hire system, by which many people of the modern middle class acquire their more expensive furniture) was very widely spread throughout the southern provinces.

The ploughs, carts, reaping-hooks, rakes, flails, scythes, spades, shovels, winepresses, benches, taps, and barrels, etc., necessary on every estate, were let with the land upon a repairing lease.

The Hundred Years' War, with its train of ruin and depopulation, introduced the disastrous fashion of mortgaging the cattle on a farm. The unhappy tenant, at his wits' end for ready money to pay the taxes and to defray the expenses of his farm, sold his herds to some farmer a little less wretched than himself, with the proviso that, for a stipulated number of years, he was to keep on using the cattle and to reserve a certain portion of their produce. Thus one Colin Bois du Mesnil-Patri, near Caen, sells to Guillaume le Paumier, of St. Pierre, nine-and-twenty sheep, two red cows, two calves, a two-year-old steer, and a mare for the trifling sum of £8 15*s.* (say £35), reserving the use of them and half their produce during the three years next ensuing.* This disastrous practice naturally deprived the peasants of their very means of sustenance, of the only manner in which they could work their land; unless, in the three years' breathing-space assured them by the mortgage, some unusual harvest or happy turn of their affairs had enabled them to lay aside a sum sufficient to stock the farm afresh.

Sheep in those days cost as a rule ten sols per head (say £2), alive and unshorn,* though when dead and skinned he could be had for a tenth the price.† At the present time in Gascony the normal price for a live sheep is two-and-thirty francs. An ox cost from two to six livres, a cow about three livres. Pigs were dear, costing each between two and three livres, a price fully proportionate to modern values. The horse was less esteemed than the ox for agricultural purposes; he cost as much, or more, to buy, and a great deal more to keep; you could not eat him, he has no horns, and his skin was far less valuable a hide. Still the horse was indispensable to travel. We give a list of the prices that he fetched in the Comté d'Eu between 1382 and 1388:—

	Livres.	sols.	deniers.
1 horse	2	10	0
1 hackney	2	10	0
1 tall grey horse . .	1	10	0
The horse called Rage-en-tête	2	10	0
The roan hackney . .	2	10	0‡

And in Picardy, in 1389:—

	Livres.	sols.	deniers.
A bay hackney . .	1	10	0
A black horse . . .	7	0	0
A grey nag . . .	5	0	0
A pair of greys . .	10	0	0§

The inventories published in the accounts of Bonis show us that, on a small farm at least, a pair of oxen, one horse, one ass, two pigs and a sow, a good deal of poultry, and a swarm of bees were usually kept. We cannot estimate the price of these animals at less than twenty livres; few small proprietors could expend so large a sum. Therefore in districts where the hire-and-purchase system did not obtain it was customary for the large farmer to let out his stock to the poorer one, the oxen at a rate of from five to six sols per year, the sheep at about one sol per annum and per head.

As a rule, the person who made the largest profit on his land was the very small proprietor. Many circumstances combined to favor him in the end of the Mid-

* Delisle, p. 221.

* Delisle, p. 616.
† Thorold Rogers, i. 54.
‡ Delisle, p. 583.
§ Régistres du Châtelet, i., p. 3; and ii., pp. 100, 351, 370, 460 and 461.

dle Ages. The cost of labor was high; he with his family could run the farm without paid assistance. In a time when the main profits of agriculture were derived from the sale of wool, cheese, butter, and other products of live stock, the man with little land might yet possess considerable herds. A very slight tax paid in either money or in kind to the lord of the manor secured him the right to pasture his cattle on the wide grassy borders of the lanes and in the interminable forests that covered half of France; the sheep were driven to pasture in the salt-marshes, one in every flock being yielded to the owner of the land. In winter time the right of pasture in stubble or aftermath was common to all the cattle of a commune. The tenant who owned these flocks of swine and sheep, fattened on the acorns and grasses of the manor, had probably round his cabin a few acres of harvest-land and little else. He possessed neither draught oxen nor horses for the ploughing, but paid one of his wealthier neighbors for this service. Over and over again we find the records of similar transactions; the price given varied according to the extent and quality of the fields to be furrowed. To take a typical instance, Robert de Pailhayrols, in the year 1345 agrees to plough four times with four furrows a field belonging to Na Roque, and to sow it with good grain furnished by Na Roque. There is to be a certain time between each ploughing, and the work is to be finished by the first of November; Pailhayrols to receive fifteen sols in payment. In the same year Pons Telhet, of Caudesaygues ploughs, sows, and covers a septier (216 litres) of wheat on the land of Pons Rabanit in exchange for a payment of three livres.*

At harvest time the peasant farmer could engage a man by the day to help him in the stress of work; the laborer usually received his meals and about 1 sol per day.† At the present time in France he would not receive as much, if we reckon the sol as representing four shillings of our current coin. ‡

We have now a fair idea of the expenses of farming. The profits then as now were mainly the sale of wool and hides, the sale of beasts for the butcher, the sale of corn, and the sale of wine or cider. The price of these articles, due proportion being guarded, has not varied in any surprising fashion. The average price of corn (which in the terrible years that followed Poictiers rose to thirty sols) was fifteen sols the septier, let us say thirty shillings the hectolitre; owing to the quantity of foreign corn imported, it does not fetch more than half as much to-day, but on account of our improvement in agriculture, an acre of land yields a far larger harvest than in the Middle Ages. The commonest *vin ordinaire* appears to have been worth thirty-two deniers the septier — a little more than a half-penny the litre; but the wine usually served in taverns cost four deniers the pint,* about one and threepence the bottle, a price considerably in excess of that which a "Gladstone claret" commands in France to-day. A butcher at Evreux, in 1371, values two small oxen at four livres five sols; while a large ox of Tallevaude, in 1383, is worth six livres. As it happens, this price, which we may reckon as four-and-twenty pounds, is just five pounds less than the average price given by French country butchers for a fine beast to-day. The farmer, who grew for the market, and not for consumption on the estate, had a profitable harvest on his meadows; for owing to the difficulty of carriage, hay was more expensive then than now. In Normandy, in 1390, an acre of hay standing in the field (but we must remember the size of the Norman acre) fetched two livres ten sols — a modern ten-pound note — while the cost of mowing, making, stacking, and carrying the hay was estimated at five-and-twenty sols. Thus the farmer who purchased from a neighbor the harvest of a modern three-acre field, had to pay for it, by the time it was delivered in his rick-yard, at least fifteen pounds of our current coin;† or, to adopt a more reasonable computation, as much as he would give for an excellent hackney, or for the year's wages of a womanservant. A last source of income was derived from the produce of the dairy, the sale of poultry, and the fruits of the orchard. In Normandy, in 1371, a hundred fine apples were worth three sols (shall we say twelve shillings?), and fifty walnuts six deniers. A hundred eggs were worth five sols in the market town; a fine, fattened capon between one and

* Bonis, cxcvii.

† "Régistres du Châtelet:" varlet thatcher, 1 sol and his keep (i. 393). Joubert, "Vie privée en Anjou:" hedgers paid per day, 1 sol and their food (p. 98). Thorold Rogers: for mowing an acre, 8½*d.*; harvesters for carting corn, 1 sol 2 deniers, and their food (i. 255).

‡ The wages of agricultural laborers almost all over France at the present time are two francs per day (1*s.* 8*d.*). Of course in harvest time they receive a little more. In Touraine, a very rich county, their average wages reach three francs a day.

* Régistres du Châtelet, i. 427, 448, 558, *et passim*; and ii. 497.

† Thorold Rogers, History of Prices, i., p. 13.

two sols; a fowl seven deniers; a pound of butter twelve deniers. We give these prices for the reader to compare them with the fourteenth-century price of stock and labor; it would be absurd to multiply them by eight in order to arrive at their modern value; and this one example may serve to show the folly of seeking to establish an absolute and unvarying multiple for mediæval prices.

The houses of the farmers and the country people differed then as now according to their rank and prosperity, and also according to the district they inhabited. The yeoman farmer, and even the well-to-do husbandman, dwelt in a solid house of brick or stone, tiled or slated, with a paved yard separating it from the barns, the outhouses, the dairy, and cattle-pens. The farmhouse — which, in England, was always constructed with a southern aspect — as invariably faced the east in Aquitaine, while to the rear, well open to the west, was a long, tiled verandah, where, in winter afternoons, the hemp-picking, the wool-carding, etc., was done.* Within, the vast kitchen glowed in the light of the fire — almost as unextinguishable as the vestal virgin's; peat, coal, and wood were each abundantly employed; and for a trifling rent, generally paid in kind, the lord of the manor would permit the farmers on his land to cut their turves from his bog, or their boughs from his forest. Fuel was not only actually, but relatively cheaper in the Middle Ages than to-day; for the bogs were not drained in those days, the forests covered great expanses, and the cost of carriage made it almost impossible to transport their produce. In almost every shire of France and England the supply of fuel was in excess of the demand.

This hospitable fire flared up a chimney proportioned to its size, lighting the huge brick oven, the iron fire-dogs, the bellows, shovel, gridiron, ladles, cauldrons, saucepans, mortar, tin pails, and other utensils that stood on the brackets of the hearth; and irradiating the brass and copper pots, the metal candlesticks, the lamp, the lantern, the not unfrequent silver beaker, and the glass drinking-cups, that were ranged on the chests and cupboards round the walls.† Near this fire stood a high-backed settle, the master's ingle corner; and under the great mantel of the chimney narrower benches were set in the brick. Within easy reach of the hearth, a deep oak chest held the logs for burning. It was generally matched by a handsome wedding chest with carved or painted front, long enough to contain a grown person full-length (as the readers of "Ginevra" will mournfully remember), but more usually filled, it must be admitted, with the best clothes, the trinkets, and the savings of the household. The "Registers of the Châtelet" record no crime so common as the breaking open of such wedding chests; and it is surprising how many clasps or jewels, girdles of pearls, golden headdresses, and rings, and purses full of gold, were stolen from quite humble households. Our forefathers invested their capital in cups or trinkets of precious metal, pretty to look at, easy to hide, and readily converted into cash when necessity demanded a sacrifice.

The windows of this great kitchen were almost always small and rarely glazed; conceive it as a great stone cavern lit by an undying fire that played on glittering surfaces. The light came chiefly from the hearth, or from the home-made rush-lights of the north, the flaring pine torches of the south, which lit the spinning wives and maidens, when at close of day they clustered round the fire. In the daytime the kitchen was a dusky place. Sometimes the only aperture, besides the door and chimney, was such a small, square window as may still be seen in the cottages of Savoy, pasted over with a piece of oiled linen, impervious to the air. Often a heavy shutter, made of one slab of polished oak, protected a small, uncovered lattice, shutting with a spring. These houses, so hygienically built to face the rising or the midday sun, could receive scarce a ray of its purifying light. Doubtless the vast chimney and the day-long fire sufficed to ventilate their dark recesses.

In one of the deepest of these recesses, well out of the way, was placed the bed — a bed such as we can barely imagine, a family four-poster! Here reposed the father and the mother, several of the children, and (readers of the "Heptameron" will remember this striking custom, which continued into the sixteenth century) and the stranger within their gates.* A share of this ample couch was considered a special honor offered to a guest of note. The bed, if little private, was generally comfortable. The invoice of a day-laborer's widow, taken at Montauban in 1345,†

* Bonis, p. cxciii.
† See the farm inventory in Joubert's "Vie privée en Anjou au XVme. siècle.

* Joubert.
† Comptes des Frères Bonis, Marchands de Montauban, publié par M. Edouard Forestier, 1890, p. ccx.

proves her to possess two feather beds with pillows, fifteen linen sheets, four striped yellow counterpanes. In much poorer households the bed was sometimes stuffed with straw,* but nearly every mention we have of the bedding of the time proves it to have been no less ample, comfortable (nor, indeed, less cleanly) than in country places at the present day. In this respect the French were far before the English, whom Mr. Thorold Rogers shows as sleeping on a rude and sheetless bed, covered by night with the garments of the day.†

Such was the house-place of the well-to-do; one room, but well furnished and spacious. The rich yeoman was more amply lodged; and the manor-house contained three rooms, the hall, the dormitory, and the parlor.‡ But the cottars dwelt in far humbler habitations. The small thatched cabins of Normandy were replaced in the centre of France by mere huts, generally built of plastered wattle, but sometimes no more than a rude lattice of which the interstices were bunged with straw or hay. Three such huts — one for the peasant, one for his cattle, one for his crops — stood round a paved yard. The door of the hut in which the cottar lived with his family was divided laterally at about six feet from the ground, so that while the lower part was closed the upper door or shutter might remain open to admit the air and let out the smoke. For in these cabins there was frequently no other window. There was often no chimney save a hole in the roof. The food was cooked over a brazier of charcoal, a *scaldino*, such as the poor people use to-day in Italy; but owing to the rising of the fumes, save in very windy weather, there was little smoke.

The people who lived so simply had better tools and more numerous implements than we suppose. Most countrymen possessed a ladder, a hand-mill, an axe, a crowbar, nails, a gimlet, hedge-clippers, a branding iron, a wheelbarrow, and often a light cart, a plough, harness, reaping-hooks, scythes, a hoe, spade, rake, flail, sieve, bushel, knife, hammer, a long, ferruled staff, a bow; many owning a lance, and some a sword and buckler.* The Gascon laborer's widow already mentioned possessed a corn-mill, a tin wash-tub, a metal warming-pan, two brass water jugs, two pint pots, a metal bowl, two metal pots, four bottles, a cauldron, a pestle and mortar, a salt-box, a pail, two iron tripods, a copper box, two large chests, a cupboard, a box, four trestle tables, a bench, a carpenter's bench and tools, two baking-tubs, one kneading-trough, two corn chests, and a large table, besides two axes, four lances, a crossbow, a scythe, and other arms and tools. We doubt if she would be better off to-day. The inventory of a farmer's stock of the same date and place (Montauban, 1345) contains four kneading-troughs, a large funnel, one winepress with screws, four tuns, eight casks, three barrels, and two kegs; a lead alembic for distilling, a cauldron, two metal water jugs, cooking utensils; two wool cards, three carding combs for hemp, two spades, two flails, three reaping-hooks, one scythe, one crossbar, two carpenters' benches and tools, one shovel, two iron goads; a cart and harness; two oxen, one horse, one ass, two pigs, two sows, and a swarm of bees. Probably many a squatter's ranch is little better stocked.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.
(Madame JAMES DARMESTETER.)

* Châtelet ii. 509: "They took the bed, pulled the straw out of it, threw it in the chimney, and set fire to it.

† Thorold Rogers, History i. 13.

‡ Thorold Rogers, History of Prices i. 13. See ibid, inventory of John Senekworth's effects, for the furniture of a Cambridgeshire manor in 1314. We notice six sheets, a mattress, a coverlet, a counterpane, a "banker" or stuffed cushion for a bench, three cushions, three tablecloths and two napkins, two drinking glasses, four silver spoons, a basin and ewer, two silver seals, and three books of romance!

* Joubert, La Vie Privée en Anjou.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EIGHT DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TOUCHSTONE OF PERIL."

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver. — *Othello.*

CHAPTER XII.

UNDER THE MOONLIGHT.

As the sound of the evening gun dies away through the now once more cool, fresh atmosphere, there is a continuous clatter of hoofs, and roll of wheels, and flashing of lamps along the Mall; for the whole station is flocking to Melvil Hall to-night.

Mr. Melvil was very hospitable, and he was fond of social display, and he liked to please the ladies. During the cold season he gave many balls and picnics — dinners all the year round. The thermometer, of course, marks no degree of temperature at which girls will not dance — they would dance in the fiery furnace;

but there are older people, and so in the months between May and October dances were very rare in Khizrabad. It was with as much surprise as delight that the girls had seen the word "Dancing" on Mr. Melvil's cards of invitation for this evening.

There has been a big dinner; the men have not yet risen from table, for little old Brigadier Moss and big, stout, jolly-faced Colonel Barnes like to linger over their cigar. But the ladies have retired, and the drawing-room is crowded, for most of the post-dinner guests have arrived, the married people from their homes and the unmarried men from their messes — the young fellows with their pink and white English faces, and the old boys with their brown and yellow Indian ones. There are men enough to prevent that after-dinner period from being as dull for the ladies as it usually is. But still there is a dulness about. All the unmarried girls and most of the married women — who like India because they get so much dancing there — are depressed by the thought that there may be no dancing after all. This spacious apartment is the one generally used for dances, and there are no signs of preparation. True, Mr. Melvil's army of servants could remove even this vast array of furniture in a very short time. But the room is filled with costly articles, rare vases and objects of art, which Mr. Melvil could never desire to be moved in a hurry; and, above all, the floor has not been prepared, the carpet is still down. That seems decisive. Here are all the spinsters of the station gathered together, under this one long punkah — Beatrice and Lilian Fane, and Maud and Agnes Hilton, and May Wynn, and Miss Lyster.

"I am afraid there is to be no dancing after all," says Lilian Fane, in a most doleful voice.

"The word 'dancing' may have been left on the cards by mistake," remarks another. There are general expressions of sorrow, even from the heavy-hearted Maud Hilton, who had looked forward to the dance as a welcome distraction. To those not knowing, the lamentation of Miss Lyster, the withered old-maid, might have seemed affected; but it was not so. (Miss Lyster, it will be remembered, is she who for years has had charge of an invalid mother, a mysterious mother whom no one has ever seen.) Though her face has not upon it the brightness that rests on those of her much younger companions — though it is not, like theirs, illumined by hope, but darkened by disappointment, darkened by the shadow of a life unlived, natural powers not put to use, the gifts of nature wasted — yet it still retains its beauty of feature, its fine expression. Sadness, and sorrow, and the burden of her home-life, and the ill-health that comes of an unnatural mode of existence, as an unmarried life is, had robbed her figure of its fulness, but not of its elegance, had not diminished its graceful carriage. She was a beautiful dancer, and she never had any lack of partners; and she was very fond of a dance; it brought some brightness into her life. We all like to have a little pleasure. Besides, in a ballroom her old-maidenship was forgotten, and not the youngest or fairest girl could outrival her there.

Great is the regret among the young men too. Tommy Walton, the "Babe" is almost frantic. He has been looking forward to the dance, not only for its own sake, but as a grand opportunity for carrying out a most important purpose of his own.

The disappointment extends to the married ladies too; there is hardly one among them there who does not dance. Mrs. Hilton, most certainly, is not the one; she has not given up dancing because her daughters have come out, she does not give in to that doctrine.

But now the men come trooping in from the dining-room; and when Mr. Melvil, after having saluted the guests whom he has not seen before, says, "We will have our coffee out-of-doors," and leads the way into the splendid verandah which runs along the back of the house, they perceive that he has intended that the delight of surprise should be added to all the other delights of the entertainment he has prepared for them. Suddenly a bright illumination spread over the grounds before them, and soon they present a fairy-like spectacle; the bright lights twinkle along the winding walks and upon the terraces, and are reflected in the waters of the lake. The verandah opens on to that rare and much prized adornment of a bungalow in those latitudes, a broad, smooth lawn, only kept green by constant, diligent watering. Surrounding the lawn were majestic trees, and as these were hung with various-colored Chinese lanterns — green, and blue, and red, and yellow — it seemed as if one had suddenly brought before one the gardens into which Aladdin made his way by means of his wonderful lamp, where the trees were hung — instead of with oranges, or apples, or pears

— with gigantic gems, rubies and emeralds and amethysts. A splendid tamarind-tree stood a little way within the edge of the lawn, and this presented a gorgeous spectacle, every single branch being closely hung with lanterns — there is nothing more beautiful than the play of the red of fire on the stems and amid the foliage of trees — and under this carpets had been spread, and easy-chairs and little tables laid out. What a delightful out-of-door drawing-room! And at one side of the lawn stands a long refreshment-table with its crowd of dark-faced attendants in their robes of snowy whiteness. Here fruits and dainty cakes, and ices, and tea and coffee, and claret-cup, and champagne-cup, and what many preferred to either, the wholesome and refreshing brandy and soda, were to be had in superfluous abundance all the night long. And there in a circle stands the famous band of the 3rd Grenadiers ready to discourse sweet music. How delightful to pass the evening out in the open air, with its ever-increasing coolness and sweetness, rather than in a heated room with its ever-augmenting heat! How delightful to recline in these easy seats listening to the music — think the older people. How delightful to wander about the grounds listening to the music — think the younger. Tommy Walton nearly shouts with joy. He can now carry out his project.

Had Mr. Melvil done no more than this for the entertainment of his guests he would have done enough. But he has done more. The large dancing-cloth usually used in the drawing-room had been spread in the middle of the lawn — the grass of which was much shorter than that of an English lawn — and tightly stretched and securely pegged down. There is to be dancing after all.

And now the sounds of a pretty waltz are sounding through the soft air, and eager couples are hastening to the cloth — which in the midst of the big lawn looks so much smaller than it really is — and have put it to trial, and pronounced the arrangement perfect. Round and round the joyous couples go. They abandon themselves to the music, to its rise and fall, in all-forgetting dreamy joyfulness. Now they descend the smooth liquid slope and now are upborne by the softly rising wave. Life has become cadenced, rhythmical. They are wafted along on the wings of music. It is a trance-like ecstasy. They have passed away from the earth into dreamland — fairyland.

It is delightful to wander along the illuminated garden-paths and listen to the music, made sweeter by the distance; delightful to do so by oneself, or in the company of a friend, preferably one of the opposite sex. These joys are open to the few of the older ladies who do not dance, to the many men who do not do so either, or who cannot find partners; for, as was usual then in India, the men are greatly in excess. And for those whom such amusements pleased not others were provided. Card-tables had been set out in the long, illuminated verandah. In one of the lower rooms, built up from the bottom of the declivity on the edge of which one end of the house rested, as already noted, was a billiard-table, which was now lighted up. There was amusement for all. And, as Major Coote — the great *shikaree* (or hunter), the slayer of ibex and ovis-ammon on the lofty summits of the Himalayas, and of tiger and buffaloes in the low swamps of Bengal, who is just now commanding the 76th — observed, "Merely to escape the heat and after-dinner tedium of the drawing-room" (he was not a ladies' man) "and to sit out in the open air, smoking one of Melvil's excellent havannahs" (he did not care for the music), "was in itself a most unexpected and delightful pleasure."

And so the moments pass by in quiet or vivid enjoyment.

Captain Lennox does not dance: "You might as well ask a hippopotamus to hop," he says. May Wynn cannot altogether avoid dancing, even had she so wished or Lennox permitted; for where there were so many men who could not get partners every lady who could dance at all, and May danced very well, was expected to dance; but she thinks it quite allowable to give him, Philip, the dances he would have had, had he been a dancing man, and to put them down on her card consecutively, so that she may have a good long time out with him. And now the time has come, and they wander away together. May Wynn's heart is filled with a trembling sensation of delight as they withdraw further and further from the gay, bright, crowded lawn; for now Philip Lennox and she are to be alone, really alone, together for the first time since they had become engaged, not yet twelve hours before. He draws her arm through his and they move on, for the first time so close together, in a thrilling rapture of delight. They move down the splendid avenue of mimosas, which, thickly hung with lanterns, presents one of the most

beautiful spectacles of the nlght; but still they do not hesitate to leave it and enter a more dimly lighted side-path. This they pursue until it brings them to the very end of the grounds, where the run of the brick wall surrounding them has been broken by the introduction of an octagonal turret crowned by a light cupola resting on slender sandstone columns. It was built as a *gazebo*, for there is a fine view of the valley of the Jumna from here; in the daytime, looking northward, you follow the winding stream for many a mile; and then, turning to the east, you look across it and have command of a wide sweep of the grove-covered, village-crowded plain of the Doâb; and then, looking south, you follow the many-channelled valley downward to below the city walls, and then dimly away into the distance. But you must come here on a day in the rains, when there is such a wealth of vegetation, when the cultivated crops and the wild reeds and grasses spread around in rich, lush growth, when the glowing sunshine floods the laughing earth, when the river rolls by in majestic if turbid flood, in one single wide stream; or you must come on a day in the cold weather, when the earth, if not robed as gorgeously and splendidly as then, is still very beautifully and more tenderly clad, when the sunlight is more tempered and distance lends its magic to the scene, when the river winds its way through the valley in many silver streams; but you should not come on a day like the one just past, when the earth is utterly bare, disrobed, when the brown fields spread a horrid fallow, when the grass is withered and yellow, and the pools dry, and the reeds and rushes dead, and the trees dust-laden, and the earth trembles with the heat, and everything seen looks hard and dry in the desiccated atmosphere, and the fierce, excessive sunshine obliterates all distance, and the shrunk stream meanders through a wide waste of glimmering, glittering sand. At this evening hour, however, the wide, shallow valley of the river is not made harshly visible by the bright, incandescent sunshine, but tenderly veiled by the as yet pale, silvery light of the but lately risen moon.

As they take their stand beneath the cupola there falls on their ears the trembling, mellow vibrations of the great gong which hangs above the main gateway of the palace-fortress in the city, above the Gate Magnificent. This great gong proclaims the passing hours to-day as it has done for many a century past. Its vibrations link the present with the past. A continuous chain of sound runs through the history of Khizrabad. This huge gong had been placed above the gateway when the gateway was first built. It had formed part of the first furnishing of the palace-fortress. It had rung out the hours that first day it was swung and every day since; in the darkness of the night and the brightness of the day; during the still, calm days and in the days of storm; in the days of Khizrabad's pride and prosperity and in the days of her humiliation and sorrow. Its sound had formed an integral part of the existence, awakened one of the sensations that constituted the lives, of the people of Khizrabad from the first. Lennox remembers this, and it gives him something to speak about, affords him relief from the stress of his own feelings. The last mellow vibration of the great disc of sonorous metal has died away on their listening ears.

"It is strange to think of that gong having measured out the lives of so many generations of men. It was put up when the city was founded. It formed part of the original furnishing of the palace. It has measured out the history of the nuwâbs of Khizrabad, the whole length of the lives of every one of them except the first one, the man who had it cast."

"It measured out my childhood too," says May softly; "I was born here, and did not go home until I was eight years old. The sound of this gong, and the firing of the gun on the ridge, and the voice of the muezzin calling from the top of the minarets, are the earliest sounds that I can remember."

"I shall listen to it with the deeper interest now," says Lennox.

Though strictly true, what foolish, feeble words! — with what a shallow, artificial ring — a sort of speech that any partner of May's, coming here with her after a dance, would have felt himself bound to make. They are not his own words, not in accord with the strong emotion working within him. But how shall he clothe that emotion in words? Thus thinks Lennox. And then he hurries on, —

"The curious thing is that the gong has been rung during all these years by men of the same family in strict succession of father and son."

"Without any break?" says May.

"Yes." And then, —

"What a fine sound the gong has!"

"Yes."

But that forced talk cannot be maintained any longer.

"My God! how I love you!" says Lennox.

Now it is himself that speaks. She trembles.

They were standing close together against the parapet wall, looking out over towards the river, their faces to the fast brightening moonlight.

"Do you really love me, May?" he asks in a low, deep whisper.

She looks up at him. The moonlight falls upon her face, upon her soft grey eyes; they convey her answer. His arm is put around her waist; he draws her to him, holds her tight; their lips meet in one long, close, unhurried kiss.

Friends! let us look for the joys of Heaven, but they are sometimes anticipated on this earth.

They gaze away into the distance, but they see not the silver-filled air. They are blind with emotion. They are deaf. They hear not the sound of the music on the lawn where the dancers are dancing in tune. They are breathless. They are in a swoon of joy.

"It is very wonderful! I can hardly believe it. Do you really love me?" he asks after a while, when his senses have come back to him.

"Yes," she whispers softly.

"You do not know what this means to me," he says. "There comes over me a feeling of infinite satisfaction and rest. My warfare with myself is ended. What that warfare may mean to a man no woman can tell. A loveless life is a sad, a cruel life. I have known many able men whose career has been marred for want of love; not finding that everything else seemed valueless; ambition lost its charm; they cared not for success; they ceased to work or strive. Happy the man who marries early! His whole life is then before him to enjoy, to make glorious. Otherwise it will creep along on broken wing. He will move along the road of life weak and staggering like a starving man. Let that deep hunger of the soul be satisfied and he will move along it with strong, joyous footsteps. Then will he have full command of his powers and be able to put them to fullest use. Man and woman are the two wings on which life rises to its fullest height."

Lennox was not a man of words. This speech both for its length and style might have seemed strange to many of his friends. It may seem strange for a man in his present position. But his official work had taught him to formulate his thoughts, to put them into sentences. These were the thoughts of years which had clothed themselves in a set form of words. He now said aloud what he had often said to himself. He was speaking of what he had himself felt.

"I may be generalizing from my own case," he goes on, and his continuing to speak shows how much the subject has dwelt in his thoughts. "But that is how I have thought and felt myself. I have been very fortunate. I have got exactly what I wanted. I have had the rule of a large district, the independent rule. I have had autocratic power — or taken it," he adds with a little laugh. "I have been a little king. You know on what a pinnacle one is set in such a position with reference to the people about one. I have raised and drilled an army of my own, and led it and taught it to fight. These are the things I had desired and dreamed of from my youth upwards. I have had an income far beyond my wants. And yet I tell you that in the midst of all this I have often envied one of my own servants. When I have seen him in possession of his own little home and with his wife and children about him, I have thought him more fortunate than myself — his life more full and complete and satisfactory. How I have hungered for love! — you must give me plenty of it."

"All," she whispers.

And then she asks him how he came to love her, when, and why. And then comes the pretty lovers' talk, and the moon is sailing across the heavens and the river speeding by.

But they cannot remain here all night. As they hasten back they meet, or pass, many a couple wandering along the cool, fragrant pathways. And in one enchanted spot, where there is a dense growth of plantains, with their huge leaves, so beautiful in shape and color, and where the pupita upholds on its slender stem its beautiful coronal of leaves, and where there is many another tree of graceful stem and beautiful foliage, they came face to face with Beatrice Fane and William Hay. And if an Oriental writer would have said that verily here was paradise (*peri-des*, the land of the peris, a celestial dwelling-place) he would also have added that truly here were two of its celestial occupants — even Orientals hold the white skin the more beautiful; whiteness is celestial, blackness infernal. William Hay is a "fair" man in every sense of the term; his good looks rise to the height of beauty. And as Beatrice Fane stands there with the now vivid moonlight falling full on her

golden hair, on her snowy-skinned beautiful face, on her downward-flowing snowy robes, her stately, beautiful figure, verily she does look like a celestial being, like "a daughter of the gods." And the two men, bound together by ties of relationship, bound together by the still closer ties, the hooks of steel, of true friendship, exchange one of those soul-full looks which are so rare, at all events among Englishmen. His cousin and friend's engagement has filled William Hay with delight, for he too knew what was wanting in Lennox's lofty but somewhat harsh life. That engagement has done what Hay thought could not be done — added to his own present felicity.

"How supremely happy he looks, and how much gentler!" says Hay, as he and Beatrice Fane move on along their way. "Do you remark how the very tone of his voice has become gay and light, less harsh?"

"She looks very happy too," says Beatrice.

"It makes one very happy," says Hay, and then they go off into that delightful foolishness of lovers which can no more bear recording than love-letters can bear being read out in a court of law. And Lennox and May Wynn smile at one another, as, going the other way and brushing by a leafy bower, their ears are greeted from its hidden depths by a sudden "Hush! hush!" in a childish silvery treble they knew very well.

For into the innermost recesses of that bower had young Walton conducted the pretty Lilian Fane, after having danced three successive delightful dances with her. "There was no reason why they should not do so," Mr. Walton had protested; "this is not a regular ball."

The seat placed in the arbor was a judiciously small one. It held only two, and those two must sit very close together; in immediate contiguity. The light of the Chinese lantern played picturesquely on the broad leaves of the giant creeper with which the bower was overgrown. He is looking hard at her, she is looking coyly down.

"Don't sit on the top of me, please!" she exclaims without looking up, as he makes a movement on the seat, and still further diminishes the very small interval of space between them.

"The bench is so small!" he exclaims, still keeping his gaze upon her.

"Then why not stand up?"

But the suggestion is not acted upon — neither to her surprise nor her distress. But she must still continue to tease him with it.

"It would be better for my dress."

"I am not hurting your dress," he says, putting back the delicate fabric a little with reverential fingers. He moves his legs away a little too, and this brings his head and shoulders still nearer to hers. In order to preserve his balance — physical, all other is lost — he has to place his right arm along the back of the seat close behind the pearly uncovered shoulders. There is a brief space of silence. Then, swayed by the inherited impulse of ages, she, as if unconscious that the arm was there, though knowing very well that it was there, leans back against it for a moment of ineffable bliss to the owner; and then she lifts herself up again and assumes an upright attitude of rigid propriety.

"You are tired of sitting here," she says.

"You know I am not," he says angrily. His angry tone causes a little smile to play about her rosy mouth.

The alabaster shoulders, the white, swan-like neck, the sweet cheek on which still lingers the rosy tint of her native land, and the beautiful curves that run between it and the neck (that most beautiful, though rarely noticed, feature of a beautiful face), how distractingly near they all are to his eyes, to his lips! How very near to his lips! At any other time he would have yielded to the almost irresistible temptation and pleaded infancy, but just now he is more desirous of putting forward his manhood than his boyhood. And so he withdraws from the temptation, removes his arm from its dangerous position, and sits up.

Lilian's pretty little hands are lying in her lap. An artist in words might have made something out of the contrast between the white patch of moonlight and the white of the dress, and of the gloves, and of the white arms above. But Mr. Walton's eyes are rather attracted by a little bit of pink color on one of the upturned hands.

"You have torn one of your gloves," he says.

"Yes, this one has burst," she replies, as she lifts up the hand and holds it before his face.

The Babe puts his gloved left hand under the upheld hand to support it, and then with the forefinger of his ungloved right hand he tenderly touches the soft little pink protuberance. That completes the current; he feels a sudden electrical

shock. Lilian too experiences a curious tingle and thrill.

"It has broken here," says poor Tommy in a helpless kind of way.

Those shocks are very paralyzing.

"I see that," says Lilian demurely.

He keeps the tip of his forefinger on the now uncovered portion of the ball of her thumb.

"Quite a big tear," he says.

Then the fingers of his left hand, hitherto held out straight, experience a sudden closing movement, as the leaf of the sensitive plant curls up when you touch it.

"Please let go my hand."

"Will you give it to me?"

"Give you one of my hands!"

"You know very well what I mean. Will you marry me — be my wife — Mrs. Walton?"

On the round, good-humored face of the Babe is a look of solemnity, of portentous seriousness, that would have made you laugh.

"Marry you! Why, you are only a boy."

"A boy! I am over nineteen."

"That is not very old."

"Three years older than you are."

"It is different with a woman."

"And I do not want to marry just yet. We should have to wait a little to make arrangements — about the furniture and all that, you know," says the Babe.

"But you are supposing ——" And she tries to withdraw her hand, but he imprisons it between both his own.

"And I shall work hard and pass in the languages," he goes on eagerly. "You think I am always laughing and joking; but I can be serious too, and I have considered the matter most seriously. My people have a good deal of interest, and will be able to get me on to the staff, or into the commissariat department, or into the public works department, or the political department, or the Punjâb commission. May I speak to Major Fane to-morrow?"

"People would laugh at us; would laugh at a boy like you being engaged to be married."

"Let them! May I speak to your father to-morrow?"

"But you are supposing —— I — do — not — know — that — I — myself ——"

"You said the other day that you liked me very much."

"So I do — in that way."

"And I love you so, Miss Fane — Lilian!"

"Hush! hush!" she cries, as there is the sound of a footstep, of a strong, firm, regular footstep — it is that of Philip Lennox — on the little secluded pathway that runs by the side of the bower. It dies away.

"I love you so" — he takes up the tale again.

More footsteps.

"Feefteen per cent., mon! Mair like feefty! The rod to wealth is open to ye, mon!"

The voice is that of Dr. Brodie, Lilian's ancient wooer, the old man who had made her the same proposal the young lad is making her now. He is standing at the very door. Lilian gives a start; she can hardly restrain a little cry, a laugh. It would be too absurd for her sixty-year-old lover and her nineteen-year-old lover to come face to face at such a moment as this. The circumstances of the first proposal, so very different from this, flash up before her. That Dr. Brodie should tumble in upon them now! But he has moved away. And then Lilian jumps up and makes for the door, and has reached it ere the Babe can stop her; but he detains her there. The pathway is now empty.

"You have not yet said yes."

"I shall be late for the dance — the music has commenced."

"It does not take long to say yes."

"Or to say no."

"You would not say that."

"Perhaps" — and then, seeing the look on his face: "Perhaps not. But I cannot say either now."

The sound of footsteps — the rustle of dresses — voices and laughter. The errant couples are hastening quickly back. Lilian too begins to move along the pathway.

"You will let me know to-morrow then," he whispers eagerly as he walks by her side. Other couples are coming up behind them.

"Not to-morrow — I must have that to think over it. You are so young. People will laugh," she continues, when the quick walking couples have gone by.

"Let them," he repeats. "We shall be so happy together, Lilian! Then the day after?"

"No, not the day after. That will be Sunday," she says, when they have got by the breaking-up and re-forming couples. They themselves are now moving quickly on. The young fellow has not time to argue.

"Then on Monday," he says; "Monday for certain."

"Very well — yes."

"And you will say yes. You would not have the heart to say no."

"We will see." They are now at the very edge of the lawn; she gives him an arch, mischievous look, but there is tenderness in it too, and he plucks up heart of hope.

The moon is now in the zenith, and is pouring her silver light straight down on the lawn. The enjoyment is there at its height. The increasing coolness enables the joyous couples to throw themselves even more vigorously into the delights of this novel dancing on the green. The soft music floats about. There is a fragrance of tobacco in the air. The cool cups are quaffed. While the dancers are footing it on the cloth, the whist-players are intent on their tricks and their honors in the verandah. Friendly groups are conversing.

One such group is composed of the three officers commanding the three regiments, of Colonel Barnes, Colonel Grey, and Major Coote — of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, and their host, Mr. Melvil. They have been talking about the troubled spirit in the native army, due to the issue of the greased cartridges, about the seditious placard which had appeared on the walls of the mosque. Mr. Hilton, now a non-official, finds himself as it were between the hammer and the anvil. Mr. Melvil resists him violently if he hints a civil commotion, the others come down on him heavily when he expresses a dread of a military mutiny. He takes a pessimist view of the aspect of affairs; they an optimist. If he had been an ordinary commercial man — a pekin — they would have extinguished him with a snub. (That estrangement between the non-official and official classes in India is very unfortunate. The former have a far more close and free and familiar intercourse with the natives, and consequently a more correct and extensive knowledge of their thoughts and feelings. They watch the money market, that most sensitive barometer). But Mr. Hilton has been one of themselves, and they listen to him, even though they do not agree with him, and his sayings please them not.

"We shall know the result of the court-martial on those men of the 3rd Cavalry to-morrow," says Mr. Hilton. "I hope they have been severely dealt with. The trial has now lasted more than a month. They should have been tried by a drum-head court-martial and shot the very same day."

"I do not agree with you," says Mr. Melvil. "I am glad that the government has avoided any such harsh measures. They are not a sign of strength, but of weakness — of fear. It is better for it to repose calmly on its strength, and let the conduct of the men be dealt with in the ordinary way."

"It would be hardly fair to shoot and hang the sepoys because the culpable carelessness of the government in allowing those cartridges to be issued has disturbed, and naturally disturbed, their minds," says Colonel Grey.

"It is all the fault of those d——d — I beg your pardon, Mrs. Hilton — fools at headquarters," said Colonel Barnes, with a very heavy emphasis on the oath.

"Mutiny should be stamped out," goes on Mr. Hilton, "or the disaffection may spread to the whole army."

"It cannot do that," says Colonel Grey quietly. "There is none of it in my regiment, at all events."

"Nor in mine," says Colonel Barnes, his being the regiment to which the Soubahdar Rustum Khan belonged.

"Well, I do not know to which regiment each sepoy belongs," says Mr. Hilton, "but I have noticed a marked change in their look and bearing; it is much more insolent towards Europeans. And I have noticed the same among the people of the city. A clerk of mine told me that he heard a very coarse song about us Englishmen being sung in the streets the other day. Then there was that placard that was put up on the walls of the mosque."

"The work of some crazy fanatic," says Mr. Melvil.

"And then the sending of those *chupatees*" (cakes) "from village to village. They may have been passed on as a sort of fiery cross."

"Fiery cross!" says Mr. Melvil disdainfully. "Fiery cross!" says he laughingly. "More of the nature of hot cross buns, I should say," and he laughs again, as do the three commanding officers.

"There is something in the air," persists Mr. Hilton. "Rupee paper is down."

"My husband thinks so much about these things because of the bank being in the city. He is afraid of the loss of the books and the money in case of any popular disturbance," says Mrs. Hilton.

"The bank is as safe here as if it were in London," says Mr. Melvil; "probably safer."

"Well, I hope there will not be any disturbance," goes on Mrs. Hilton, laugh-

ing; "for now that my husband has sold all his old guns, in order to get these new breech-loading ones, we have no weapons in the house, unless you call his hog-spear one."

"It would be quite sufficient to put down any popular disturbance that is likely to take place here," says Mr. Melvil sarcastically; "even in your hands, Mrs. Hilton," he adds laughingly. "Even if Hilton were away, and you had to defend the bank yourself, to use the spear yourself like another Queen Boadicea — or who was it?"

"I most sincerely hope I may never be called upon to do so. I might hit a man with my parasol, but I do not think I could poke one with a spear," rejoins Mrs. Hilton, laughing; and then some one else comes up, and the conversation is changed.

The day and the night are divided by the natives (of India, always understood) into three watches of four hours each; and the hours that separate, begin and end, them — twelve, four, and eight — have an especial name, and are always struck twice over. Twelve slow strokes of the great historic gong, and then twelve more in rattling succession, have long ago proclaimed that the first of our eight days is over and the second one begun. Then came the solemn single stroke. And still the merriment went on. Then two struck, and then three, and still the merriment continued. But at the stroke of three there is a call for the carriages. Tommy Walton gives Lilian Fane's hand a tender squeeze as he helps her into hers, and thinks that there is a slight, but still quite appreciable, return pressure; so he departs homeward in an ecstasy of delight.

From The National Review.

LORD IDDESLEIGH.

MR. LANG would probably be the first to acknowledge that these two interesting volumes * cannot properly be termed a biography. A selection from diaries and letters, of which we are repeatedly told that the most interesting and valuable parts have been suppressed, can hardly lay claim to that title. It was not Mr. Lang's fault, of course, that he was obliged to pluck the fruit before it was ripe, and no doubt he has done the best he could with the materials at his command. How far it is well to attempt to write the lives of statesmen before it is possible to tell the whole truth about them, is a question which he was not perhaps called upon to answer. But at all events, it is a pity that the work was not given to the world under a more appropriate title, and described simply as "Selections from the Letters and Diaries of Lord Iddesleigh;" since that is what it really is. But, taking the book as we find it, we may say at once that much of it is very good reading, and for those who are familiar with the political controversies of Sir Stafford Northcote's generation, both useful and suggestive. Its social and literary interest has been pretty well exhausted already by previous excavators.

When young Northcote, at the age of twenty-four, became Mr. Gladstone's private secretary, he saw in him the Tory leader of the future. "He stands almost alone as the representative of principles with which I cordially agree." The principles here meant are the principles enunciated in "Church and State," published in 1839. "I look upon him as the representative of the party scarcely developed as yet, though secretly forming and strengthening, which will stand by all that is dear and sacred in my estimation in the struggle which I believe will come ere very long between good and evil, order and disorder, the Church and the world, and I see a very small band collecting round him, and ready to fight manfully under his leading." Mr. Gladstone himself did not see them, as he tells us in his chapter of autobiography. Yet we are rather inclined to think that had he really wished to do so, he might have ranged a young England party round himself, far more powerful than the one which actually bore that name, and capable of doing much, if not all, that young Northcote expected from it.

Sir Stafford was returned for Dudley, a borough belonging to Lord Ward, in March, 1855, but vacated it in 1857 in consequence of his vote on the Chinese question. In 1858 he was offered a seat at Stamford, and a place in Lord Derby's second government, and now, for the first time, he formally enrolled himself as a regular supporter of that statesman, having previously preferred to call himself a Conservative Peelite. Still even now he clings to Mr. Gladstone, and does not accept Lord Derby's offer till he has duly consulted his oracle. The response is favorable. He is returned for Stamford

* Life, Letters, and Correspondence of Sir Stafford Northcote, first Lord Iddesleigh. By Andrew Lang. William Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh. 1890.

in the autumn of 1858; and in the following January takes his seat as financial secretary to the Treasury. But even now he is not to be supposed to have abandoned his allegiance to Mr. Gladstone. He will never act against him, he says, on any personal question; and indeed at this time there seemed very little probability that he would ever be required to act against him at all. Mr. Gladstone was approaching nearer and nearer every day to a union with Lord Derby. We may learn that much from the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce." He was soon to accept the mission to the Ionian Islands at Lord Derby's hands. He will shortly be found supporting his Reform Bill of 1859, and refusing to support the vote of want of confidence in him moved by Lord Hartington. It is difficult to understand why he refused to take office with him except on the supposition that he was prevented by his Peelite friends. Nobody saw more plainly than Sir Stafford Northcote the mistake which the Peelites had made in joining the coalition government; but, like many others, he failed to see where the true remedy lay. In 1855, he writes in his journal: "Now the fruits of that miserable coalition, which I have always abhorred, are beginning to taste bitter. Oh, what a position the Peelites might now have had if they had never joined it! As it is, they have rendered their accession to power impossible at present, and we are reduced to Derby, Dizzy, and Ellenborough. It is a bad business, I fear."

Yes; but why was it a bad business? Why did not the Peelites take that opportunity of healing the schism in the Conservative party, and forming, in connection with Lord Derby, as strong a government as Sir Robert Peel's had ever been, if not stronger? "I am one of those," said Northcote, in his address to the electors of Exeter, some years before, "who have long lamented that differences upon commercial policy should divide those who ought to be united in the firm support of peace, order, and good government at home, and the maintenance of friendly relations with the old allies of the British nation abroad." Sir Stafford Northcote says that the Peelites, by their coalition with the Whigs, had "rendered their accession to power impossible." Why? This was not the opinion of Lord Derby, or of Lord Palmerston, and decidedly not the opinion of one who, in many respects, was a better judge than either, the sovereign herself. The Canningites in 1828 readily rejoined the Tory party under the Duke of Wellington, though there were several public questions on which they did not agree with him. Why should not the Peelites have rejoined the Tory party under Lord Derby, with whom, now that protection was abandoned, there was no public question on which they differed? It is to the conduct of this party during the ten years that followed the death of Sir Robert Peel that the ultimate ascendency of Radical Liberalism is distinctly to be traced. *Tum decuit metuisse tuis*, we would say to the Conservative Liberals and Liberal-Unionists of the present day, who are so fond of throwing this result in the teeth of the Conservatives.

Both Sir Stafford Northcote and his guide, philosopher, and friend, supported the Reform Bill of 1859, which Mr. Lang, we strongly suspect at second-hand, calls "a shifty compromise, without any life or sincerity in it." Mr. Lang, perhaps, does not know the history of the question. The Whig-Radical party forced it on as soon as Lord Derby took office in 1858, and Mr. Bright's northern tour in the autumn of that year was the first example of that method of agitation which has culminated in Midlothian campaigns. The Conservative ministry had every reason for making an effort to deal with Parliamentary reform, except for the ridiculous objection that it was not theirs to deal with. The theory that one party is to have a monopoly of this question, and another of that, would make Parliamentary government impossible; and bad enough as the party system is now, that would make the yoke of it unbearable. Under a government like our own, great questions have to be settled when the time is ripe for them, and by the party which happens at the moment to have the greatest facilities for doing so in a safe and constitutional manner. Very few constitutional Liberals would now deny that if Peel and Wellington had framed the Reform Bill that was necessary sixty years ago, they would have produced a better one than Lord Grey's. The reason is that Lord Grey's government was obliged to court the extreme Radicals. Wellington would have had to satisfy only the moderate Whigs. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, therefore, were perfectly within their rights in taking up the question of reform; and their measure was, and was meant to be, a test measure. Now, they said, if the Whigs are in earnest about reform, they will take this measure into committee, and mould it, if necessary, there. The Whigs refused. They rejected the second read-

ing, and turned out the ministry because they had not satisfied the public. Having gained their end, they tranquilly shelved reform, and the public indifference showed plainly enough how hollow the agitation had been. Neither the Whigs nor the public really wanted a Reform Bill, in spite of all the clamor that was raised. "We pricked the imposture," said Mr. Disraeli to me soon afterwards; and this was exactly what the Conservatives had done.

As to the bill itself, the main principle by which Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli were actuated was this. They never thought an arbitrary pecuniary qualification for the exercise of the franchise a wise or durable arrangement. Still, there the ten-pound franchise was. It had lasted nearly thirty years. The people had got used to it, and the Parliaments returned by it had done good and useful work. Ministers came to the conclusion that they would give it a further trial. It was pretty certain that no other pecuniary standard would possess any elements of stability. The choice lay practically between keeping the existing franchise and descending to a rating franchise. There was no permanent abiding-place between the two; therefore they adhered to the former. But it was necessary at the same time to extend the franchise, and this Mr. Disraeli endeavored to do by what were called the fancy franchises, though there was no more reason for calling them by that name than for calling Kensington or Battersea a fancy constituency.

We may as well finish in this place what there is further to be said on the subject of Parliamentary Reform. Sir Stafford Northcote kept up his diary in 1866, but unfortunately dropped it in 1867. What he had written in the former year is full of interest. Perhaps the most surprising entry of all is one at the very beginning of it, on the 2nd of February, when he came to town for the meeting of the new Parliament. The Conservative party, which between 1859 and 1865 had gained so many seats that they were nearly equal to the ministerialists, lost more than thirty seats at the general election; and the talk at the time in all high political circles was of "reconstruction," that is, the strengthening of the Conservative party by a union with some of the old Palmerstonians. In that case Mr. Disraeli thought there must be a change of leadership either in one House of Parliament or both, and offered to retire himself, if that would facilitate matters. Lord Derby, who did not relish the suggestion at all, said that in that case the only possible leader was Gladstone, "who is quite prepared to take the high Conservative line." This is the first that has been heard of any such contemplated fusion. But it could never have worked. Lord Derby himself said, "We should never get on together; he would always be quarrelling with me, and I should always be thinking he wanted to trip me up." A government under two such leaders, with Dizzy "amusing himself" below the gangway (the expression he made use of to Sir Stafford Northcote), would hardly have lasted out the session. It would have been a perpetual triangular duel.

What is evident from all these entries is this, that a design for superseding Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the Conservative party was far more advanced at that time than has been commonly supposed, or than Mr. Froude, in his "Life of Lord Beaconsfield," seems to have any idea of. Even Lord Cairns, Disraeli's great friend, had his combination. The Duke of Somerset to be premier, General Peel to lead the Commons, Roundell Palmer to be attorney-general or lord chancellor, Disraeli to take the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Derby to stand on one side. But, on the whole, while everything was still in darkness, Gladstone seems to have been the favorite. A lady told Sir Stafford that if anything happened, the queen would send for Gladstone. "He will take General Peel, and Stanley, and yourself." Sir Stafford said he was now bound to Mr. Disraeli, and was, of course, told that nothing could be done without that gentleman's consent. Sir Stafford also said that "he didn't believe the Conservatives would accept Gladstone as their leader." It was too late. Sir Stafford himself is an excellent gauge of party opinion on this subject. We may measure by him the willingness of the Conservatives in general. If he did not see his way any longer to joining his old leader, were the others very likely to do so? Lord Cranborne, with a truer Parliamentary instinct, ridiculed the idea of acting with "W. E. G., or anybody but Dis."

As there is no allusion in the diary to Lord Derby's attempt in 1866 to form his government on a broad basis, Mr. Lang may not be aware that it was made. But had Lord Grosvenor and Mr. Lowe, together with Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Clarendon in the House of Lords, responded to the appeal made to them by Lord Derby, there need have been no leap

in the dark. I may here quote very briefly what I have said elsewhere on the subject.

"Lord Derby found no encouragement in any quarter to persevere in an attitude of resistance, and to have asked the Conservative party to stand in the breach by themselves would have been certain death to them, and no good to anybody else. A Reform Bill would have been carried over their dead bodies, and they would have been wiped out of political life as completely as the Eldonian Tories after 1832; remembered only as a blind and bigoted party who had fallen a sacrifice to their own obstinacy."*

We must now retrace our steps a few years to glance at Sir Stafford Northcote's position during the government of Lord Palmerston. It was now that he made his reputation as a financier, by his great speech on the paper duties, on the 22nd of April, 1861. "The speech," says Mr. Lang, "was the real beginning of his career, and of his importance in politics." He was said to be "Gladstone at his best, without Gladstone's temper;" and it was this speech which incited a London publisher to apply to Sir Stafford Northcote for a work on finance, which ultimately appeared under the title of "Twenty Years of Financial Policy," and a most admirable little treatise it is. In the mean time came the American Civil War, the Schleswig-Holstein question, and the great controversy about our national defences. On these Sir Stafford's diary is pretty ample. He entertained very strong opinions on the American contest, throwing all his influence into the scale of neutrality, and he shares with Mr. Disraeli the credit of having saved the Conservative party from a very dangerous mistake. On the subject of Denmark and Germany he was equally an advocate of peace, but thought there was some chance of the war party gaining the ascendency in the Cabinet; and adds that if Lord Palmerston were a younger man he would probably get rid of his pacific colleagues, and invite some of the more warlike Conservatives to join him. Curiously enough, the only one he mentions by name as likely to listen to such an overture is "Robert Cecil." One wonders what reason Sir Stafford Northcote could have had for hazarding such a conjecture as this. Certainly not the faintest idea of any such arrangement had ever crossed the mind of Lord Robert Cecil himself. Sir Stafford did not look with a very favorable eye on the outlay incurred by Lord Palmerston for our national defences, being one of that school who think a full purse better than a stone wall; and that England's true defence always has been, and always must be, her greater lasting-power, the result of her superior wealth. But, granted that her wealth protects England, what is to protect her wealth? Sir Stafford Northcote hardly seemed to realize the fact that the theory of wearing down our enemies by our superior command of the sinews of war could only hold good as long as our commerce, our arsenals, and our dockyards were secure against attack.

In 1874, Sir Stafford Northcote became chancellor of the exchequer, and continued to be asked, almost as long as he held that office, what he had done with Mr. Gladstone's surplus, supposed to amount to five or six millions. It was evident the majority of his interrogators believed, as perhaps many people believe still, that a chancellor of the exchequer's "surplus" is kept in a large box, into which he dips his hands at pleasure. But what is ordinarily meant by a surplus is only an estimated surplus, the amount by which the revenue of the coming year is calculated to exceed the expenditure. The actual cash balance left by Mr. Gladstone in 1874 was £870,000. The estimated excess of income for the year 1874–5 was five millions and a half, and the people had the benefit of this by the remission of nearly five millions of taxation. Then began the bad years, and no more such budgets were possible.

What the public will chiefly desire to learn from Mr. Lang's book with regard to this period of Lord Iddesleigh's life is the view that he took of the Eastern question, which, after all, probably was the rock on which the government was wrecked. On this subject Sir Stafford drew up some "notes" shortly after leaving office in 1880, and on these Mr. Lang has drawn largely; but unhappily we have here again "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. "It is unfortunate," Mr. Lang says, "that the whole piece cannot be given to the world." It is, indeed, very unfortunate, since it contains a scheme drawn up by Sir Stafford Northcote as an alternative to the Berlin Memorandum, which, says Mr. Lang, is "not matter for publication." Nevertheless, there is something to be gleaned from these notes of no inconsiderable importance. It was clearly Sir Stafford's own view that the difficulty of managing Turkey arose mainly from the harangues of the opposition orators, who

* Life of Lord Derby, p. 161.

were never tired of dilating on the Turkish proclivities of the government in a tone leading Turkey to believe that England would in the long run take up arms for her. These persistent representations neutralized all the efforts of the Cabinet. "The Turks were undoubtedly led to believe that the Conservatives were their friends in the sense in which Mr. Gladstone and his satellites declared them to be; and that, deny it as we might, lecture them as we pleased, it was certain that in the last resort we should be found ready to fight for them."

On another famous incident of this eventful period Sir Stafford tenders interesting evidence. On the 18th of July, 1878, Lord Derby, in the House of Lords, said that he had quitted the Cabinet because "the island of Cyprus, together with a point on the Syrian coast, were to have been seized by a naval expedition sent out from England, with or without the consent of the sultan." Lord Salisbury denied that the account of this resolution of the Cabinet was "true," as far as his own memory went, or "correct." Withdrawing the expression "true," he solemnly repeated, in the name of his colleagues, that Lord Derby's statement was not "correct," though, of course, it was only Lord Derby's memory, not his veracity, which Lord Salisbury impugned. On this Sir Stafford writes: "Lord Salisbury was quite justified in his contradiction; but I have no doubt that Lord Derby gave correctly his own impressions of what had passed."

In reference to the Schouvaloff agreement, we again have to regret the omission of Sir Stafford Northcote's explanation. We only find "that there was nothing discreditable in it." Mr. Lang, though his bias is the other way, is able to see that, regarding the Eastern question as a whole, Sir Stafford's views on it were "calm, just, and statesmanlike." He can see that to talk of "turning the Turks out of Europe" was verging upon nonsense, and he quotes with approval a letter from Sir Stafford to Mr. Thomas Farrer, which is not only full of good sense, but points again to the real difficulty which the government had to contend with. The object being to obtain a settlement without a conflict, we might force upon Turkey a constitution made for her by Europe, or call on her to make one for herself. The latter plan, he thought, might answer if everybody had fair play. "But our atrocitarians will denounce such proposals here, and the intriguers would do their best to make any constitution unworkable, so that fair play would be unattainable." To show the spirit that was abroad, "a prominent and versatile Liberal leader" — Sir Stafford might just as well have named him — observed to a friend, "he had no idea that Bulgarian atrocities would turn out such a clipper."

Sir Stafford Northcote disapproved the purchase of the Suez shares, but in his general views on India, South Africa, and Egypt there is nothing specially characteristic.

"The most delicate and crucial later incidents" in Sir Stafford Northcote's career in opposition were, according to Mr. Lang, the case of Mr. Bradlaugh, the debates on the clôture, and the rise of the fourth party. History will remember that, although the leader of a weak minority against a powerful government led by a great man, Sir Stafford opposed him with success, and kept Mr. Bradlaugh out of Parliament for five years. Whether he was right or wrong, the result is a tribute to his Parliamentary ability, which can never be explained away. My own opinion is, however, that the most important circumstance during these five years was Sir Stafford Northcote's connection with the Reform Bill of 1885. He it was who seems to have brought about the conference between the leaders of the two parties, by which alone the last Reform Bill was made possible; and his own account of his secret interview with Mr. Gladstone at eleven o'clock at night at the house of Mr. Algernon West is likely to be a *locus classicus* in the history of party. Mr. West had a dinner party that night. But so anxious was Mr. Gladstone that the interview should be kept secret, that Sir Stafford was not admitted till everybody else had gone; and then he was let in by Mr. West himself.

In the summer of 1885, on Lord Salisbury becoming prime minister, Sir Stafford Northcote went up to the House of Lords as Earl of Iddesleigh and first lord of the treasury; and a year afterwards, when Lord Salisbury's second administration was formed, he took the Foreign Office. So matters stood till the meeting of Parliament in the following December, when the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill rendered a new distribution of government appointments necessary. Lord Iddesleigh, with the generosity that was natural to him, at once placed his own department at Lord Salisbury's disposal, and waited the course of events at his home in Devonshire. Of what fol-

lowed more than one version has appeared. The *Standard* announced that Lord Iddesleigh had retired from the Foreign Office in consequence of illness. Mr. Lang declares that he was in his usual health. Such, however, was not the opinion of those among his colleagues who had the best opportunities of judging. They had felt for some time past that the disease from which he suffered was now too far advanced to enable him to continue much longer at so anxious and responsible a post as the Foreign Office. We know how frequently family affection deceives us in such cases; and I cannot think it at all unlikely that his own near relations thought him better than he really was. We may easily believe that Lord Iddesleigh thought so too; and conscious that his offer to Lord Salisbury had been dictated only by public considerations, may have been proportionately sensitive to anything which bore the appearance of a slight. His offer was accepted, Lord Salisbury became foreign secretary, and it unfortunately happened that the first intimation of the change came to Lord Iddesleigh through the newspapers. On this Mr. Lang comments as follows: "That he first heard of the change at the Foreign Office from the newspapers was a circumstance to be explained, no doubt, by clumsiness or haste, but it was a circumstance deeply to be regretted." It is not to be explained either by haste or by clumsiness, but by a violent snowstorm, which prevented Lord Salisbury's telegram from being received at Pynes till after the papers of the day had anticipated its contents.

If ever there was a man who answered the description of a scholar and a gentleman, it was the first Lord Iddesleigh. But he was hardly suited, as his biographer seems ready to acknowledge, for the rough, rude work of modern parliamentary life. He would have filled to perfection such a part as was played by Lord Liverpool, with the same business talents, the same common sense, the same tact and temper, combined with the genial manners and mental accomplishments that were all his own. He was not afraid of progress or of making popular concessions, and he was in favor of all the measures of Parliamentary reform which his friends either proposed, carried, or helped to carry. He was not, therefore, a timid or reactionary politician in any sense of the word. He belonged to that section of the Tories who had accepted Mr. Disraeli's teaching; and it is no small tribute to the character of the great Tory leader that he retained to the last the confidence, affection, and loyalty of so able, upright, and conscientious a colleague as Lord Iddesleigh. It was not that he did not see the danger of democratic government; for there is abundant evidence that he did. He was not blind to the possibility of social collisions in the future, but he hoped that in the sober sense and practical qualities of the English people, and the still surviving strength of our national institutions, we possessed elements of stability sufficient to withstand the shock. His deficiency was neither in breadth of mind nor in political sagacity. It was rather, if I may be excused for saying so, in force of character; that undefinable superiority which rules mankind as by a spell, and confers an authority on the leader of a popular assembly which neither knowledge nor eloquence nor wit could impart without it. Circumstances may enable men of very different calibre to fill the foremost place in quiet times, and under an aristocratic system. But when it becomes necessary to lead or to control a democracy; when governments are confronted by political and economical problems which go to the root of the social order; when powerful orators and popular demagogues find their way into the House of Commons, to whom the traditions and conventions of the past are objects rather of ridicule than of reverence; when the old ties are loosened, when principles grow indistinct in the confusion, and personal ambition begins to assert itself with less and less disguise every day; when the language and bearing of rival politicians and parties grows louder and wilder, and even the courtesies of ordinary life are in danger of being forgotten; then is seen the want of the master spirit, who can

Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm,

and compel submission by the magic of his moral supremacy. Lord Iddesleigh was not such a man, and it was his misfortune that his lot was cast in such times as I have described. But if he was not in the front rank of statesmen, he will always be remembered as the very type and model of the best class of English politicians; the class which has contributed more than any other to maintain the high tone and ancient dignity of the English House of Commons, which will probably decline as it declines, and die with its extinction.

T. E. KEBBEL.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A BUDDHIST SHRINE.

On the isolated hill which forms the last spur of the Pegu Yoma range, before it dips, as it were, into the sea to reappear in the Andaman and Nicobar groups of islands, there stands in stately grandeur, venerable with associations of two thousand years, yet fresh to-day as if from the builders' hands, one of the most beautiful and honored shrines of Buddha to be found throughout the vast territories of Indo-China. Without a rival in the grace of its proportions and the richness of its adornments, the great Shwedagone pagoda, as it flashes a mass of gold in the tropical sunlight, dominating from its commanding site not only the city of Rangoon but the whole delta of the Irrawaddy, is a worthy emblem of the faith of which it is the conspicuous and tangible embodiment.

None of all the sacred buildings in this land of monasteries and pagodas can boast a tithe of the dignity or splendor assigned to a shrine which is the object of veneration for races and languages without number, and which commands the astonished admiration even of Western nations. This majestic monument, moreover, serves as a model for the countless lesser shrines which lie scattered, like stars in space, through the regions within its influence.

In an Indo-Chinese country the most striking characteristic of every landscape is found in the religious buildings, and especially in the high places of Buddhism. What the village church is to rural England, what the mountain chapel is in Catholic lands, that is the pagoda in such a country as Burmah or Siam. But if the landmarks which distinguish the smallest village on the plain are the triple-roofed monastery building and the glittering pagoda spire rising from the trees, it is the high places which here, as in Palestine of old, are the specially consecrated abodes of religious worship. In a land traversed by mountain ranges of varying altitude the crown of every hilltop and of every spur, even of crags almost inaccessible to human foot, is the same tapering spire with gilded canopy and tinkling bells and all the well-known accompaniments of Buddhist worship. Like beacon-lights they pass on from hill to hill the message of the common faith, for each one is a centre alike for distant pilgrimage, for daily worship of the faithful, and for ritual service of monks from lonely mountain cells.

From whatever quarter the city of Rangoon is approached, whether by sea, or river, or railway, the site of the town is recognized from afar by the vision of a golden spire lifted into the clouds and seeming hardly to rest on the solid earth. Faintly glowing through the mist, or flashing like a diamond in the midday sun over the waste of forest and flood, this beautiful apparition seems to move with the traveller as he journeys, — like the moon riding through summer clouds, — now hidden in a bower of trees, now emerging brilliant and clear to the base across the level rice-fields. For any one to whom this sight is familiar it is easy to realize the profound influence exercised over an Oriental imagination by a symbol of the national faith at once so ancient and so beautiful, so imposing in its towering height and in its imperial station. The first gleam of its gold is invariably greeted by the pious Burman with adoration of bended knees and hands uplifted in silent prayer.

And if its aspect from a distance is striking, the grandeur of the structure only becomes more conspicuous with a nearer approach. I suppose that in all the Eastern world no more impressive scene is ever witnessed than one of the periodical festivals which make the great shrine of Gautama the centre of pilgrimage for thousands of men, women, and children of many races, tongues, and costumes. The enormous pile of the central pagoda, rising to a height of three hundred feet, — a blaze of gold-leaf from crown to base, — the lavish richness of its surroundings, the graceful foliage amidst which it rises, the motley crowd of worshippers, the extravagance of the offerings, the gilded and painted chapels lighted with innumerable tapers, the colossal images, the music of invisible bells, and the dazzling sunlight over all, combine to form a spectacle such as can have few rivals even among Eastern pageantries.

It was my fortune not long ago to be a fellow passenger, on board a steamer on the Irrawaddy, with the family of one of the princes of the ex-royal house of Mandalay, whom the fall of King Thebaw had released from a long practical imprisonment at the capital. As we approached Rangoon an anxious watch was kept for the view of the Shwedagone, and it was with genuine enthusiasm that the first glimpse of the distant spire was hailed, men, women, and children prostrating themselves on the deck in silent devotion. None of the company had ever before visited the lower province, and the sense

of new-found freedom must have seemed heightened and consecrated by association with the long-anticipated sight of the stateliest and most sacred of Burmese holy places. Higher and larger looms the lofty shrine through the openings in the bamboo groves by which we glide, till as we near the city it seems to recede into the background, as wharves and buildings of commonplace aspect crowd the vision for a time out of sight.

It is still early morning, and as the sky is cloudless and the air cool and crisp, it will be worth while to follow the pilgrims as they now join the throng of worshippers which throughout the morning hours swarms to the foot of the pagoda hill, to see with them the wonders of the holy place, the medley of its surroundings, and something of the pageant of the festival.

The conjunction of modern and ancient forms of life in the great polyglot city of Rangoon is itself very striking. From the river-bank to the foot of the sacred hill a steam tramway has taken possession of the road trodden for centuries by the feet of the faithful, and to-day the cars are crowded inside and out with representatives of both sexes of every age and race and condition. All alike are dressed in their best, and the best to the natives of Burmah means the gayest and softest of silks, and frequently enough the richest of gold and jewels. It is only the aged to whom custom assigns the severe simplicity of jacket and turban of spotless white.

Starting in this gay and good-humored company from the landing-place, we traverse the Chinese quarter of the most cosmopolitan of Eastern cities, — a quarter where houses and people and temples are as Chinese as China itself; thence passing the English hospital and college and the rising cathedral, — buildings worthy of a provincial capital of the Indian Empire, passing race-course and parade-ground, skirting one of the prettiest of Indian public gardens, — at this season a blaze of English annuals, — we are brought finally by a row of ancient rest-houses to where the very steps of the great pagoda stand across the tramway-line at its terminus. From this point the pagoda itself is not visible. The ascent of the hill on which it stands is by long flights of stone steps, and there is much to be seen before the summit is reached.

The first impression given by the approach is disappointing, as we push our way up a flight of rough stone steps, strewn with ends of cigars and trampled flowers, and flanked on either side by a squalid line of beggars, blind, ragged, and deformed, to the rude archway which opens into the covered way leading to the pagoda. On either side of this shabby entrance stands a colossal monster of masonry, thirty to forty feet high, the lion of Burmese fable. Like no creature that ever lived and hideous with daubs of whitewash and gaudy color, as they glare with vacant eyes and outstretched tongues they are worthy rather of the approach to the temple of some barbarous idol than to the grandest monument and most sacred shrine of one of the purest of religious creeds.

Passing under the arch we begin the slow ascent of the steep stone stairway. This is carried under a substantial roof surmounted on the outside by turrets and gables, rich with the wood-carving and gilded finials which characterize all Burmese religious buildings, and supported within by rows of solid pillars, here of polished masonry, there of huge, uncut timber stained red and gold and black. The ceilings are elaborately decorated with mouldings and rosettes of scarlet and gold, or inlaid with mosaic of colored glass, with carved figures of Buddhist saints and angels, and with realistic paintings representing all the tortures of hell with a minuteness worthy of the "Inferno." On either side the stairway are a succession of rest-houses in a more or less dilapidated state. Throughout the year the haunt of beggars and dogs, on a festival day a large number of these are transformed into toy-shops and stalls for the sale of sweetmeats and of offerings for the pagoda. In others professional beggars and strolling musicians are assembled, to excite the public charity.

Now for a moment the covered way gives place to the open air, as we cross the wooden drawbridge thrown by English engineers over the moat which encircles the fortress shrine. For the holy place on its commanding eminence has at all times served as a sanctuary and fortress of war, and is now transformed by wall and ditch and earthwork into one of the strongest of Anglo-Indian forts. Diving again under the covered way, up steeper and steeper steps we climb through the same avenue of quaint surroundings, till the summit is gained, and we take breath in an open rest-house exceptionally rich in ornament, whose vermilion-ceiled arcades are thronged with sellers of flowers and tapers and toys and offerings.

Let us pause for a moment to notice the contents of some of the stalls, over each

of which presides a Burmese girl, not less careful of her own adornment than of the charge of her wares. Here is one devoted chiefly to flowers — one of the principal offerings of the poor — among which are roses in profusion, purple water-lilies, faint yellow, champak flowers, chaplets of sweet orchids, and the white and yellow tufts of heavily scented *pingado*. In another are piles of gold-leaf in paper packets, cylindrical flags of colored paper, tapers of every size and color, and earthenware saucers to serve for tiny altar-lamps. In a third toys and sweetmeats and fruits and lemonade are a centre of attraction for groups of children.

Emerging now on a broad level plateau, we are under the immediate shadow of the great pagoda itself; and if hitherto we have been chiefly impressed by the contrast, so characteristic of the East, which is presented by the union of squalor and meanness with the grand and picturesque, it is with almost startling suddenness that we are at last rewarded by a view in which all that is incongruous seems lost to sight in the splendor and solemnity of the scene. As we lift our eyes from the dense and brilliant human crowd to the golden mass of building, rising from within a circle of richly carved chapels and of a thousand miniature shrines and spires and altars of offering, till it culminates at a giddy height in a tapering canopy plated with pure gold and hung with circlets of bells of precious metal, which keep up a sweet jangle of music with every vibration of the air, — we are conscious, for the moment, of an access of unbidden sympathy with the reverent multitude among which we move, carried away by the prevailing sense of veneration which seems to issue from the holy place itself.

The Burmese pagoda, it may here be explained, is in no sense a temple with interior chambers for religious use, but simply a monumental mass, like an Egyptian obelisk, usually built over some holy relic, — a hair, or nail, or tooth of Buddha. Like some colossal bell it rises from a broad base to a tapering point, the surface being broken at intervals by conventional mouldings, and the summit invariably surmounted by a richly ornamented crown called the *htee*, or umbrella. This is of filigree metal-work in gradually lessening rings, the whole being gilded or, as in this case, plated with gold and hung with sweet-toned bells of varying size. From the clapper of each bell hangs a broad, leaf-shaped tongue which catches every breath that blows, so that round every pagoda the air is ever filled with their wild, fitful music.

Such is the central structure of the giant Shwedagone, as of every lesser pagoda. But around the base, and adjoining the main building so as to seem an integral part of it, are erected permanent chapels, themselves of no mean proportions, enriched with wood-carving, gilding, and painting, furnished with all the adjuncts of Buddhist ceremonial, and on such an occasion as this is filled by a congregation of devout worshippers.

And we may gain further insight into the mysteries of chapel and ceremony, for in this land of freedom the foreigner is not excluded even from the holiest places. As we enter one of the chapels the air is heavy with the perfume of flowers, and through the smoke of many tapers we discern in dimly lighted niches, flanked by gilded pillars, images of Gautama in brass or alabaster, seated in the conventional attitude of Buddhist tradition. Before them are altars covered with offerings of fruit and flowers, lighted tapers and miniature lamps. Overhead are tall, spreading umbrellas, a mass of gold-leaf or of white filigree paper. And among the furniture of the chapel are graceful vases of lacquer, inlaid with glass mosaic, quaint palm-leaf fans, and boxes of roughly carved wood. Near the altars and in front of the congregation yellow-clad monks with bare, shaven heads are chanting a monotonous service, hardly less solemn than the ritual of the mass. Facing them the people in their holiday silks kneel reverently, with shoes put off from their feet, and with offerings of flowers and tapers in their joined hands; while ranged round the walls there stand erect, gazing on the scene with sphinx-like calmness of expression, lines of huge, moulded figures representing with endless iteration the omnipresent Buddha with his trains of sainted followers.

Passing out of the chapel we note that, between the pagoda with its fringe of abutting shrines and the brow of the hill on which it stands commanding a complete panorama of the surrounding country, the level plateau on which the multitude is gathered is neatly paved with tiles and skirted on its outer edge by an interminable medley of picturesque and highly decorated image-houses and rest-houses, pagodas and flagstaffs, and by a hundred nameless forms which the piety of an imaginative people loves to give to its religious offerings.

Here, among other wonders, is the monster bell which the English, after the

war of 1853, tried to transport to Europe, but which, abandoned in the mud by the river-bank, was triumphantly hauled up and restored to its sacred position by the Burmese. Here a towering flagstaff is formed from one gigantic tree-trunk, glittering with mosaic and surmounted by the sacred bird *henza*. Here is a full-sized model of the great *htee* which looks so small overhead. And here a huge money-box invites the offerings of the devout towards the costly periodical work of gilding the pagoda. At intervals on the open ground, or under shelter of some empty rest-house, a conspicuous feature of the festival is seen in the marvellous collections of offerings for distribution to the religious — rich feasts of fruits and sweetmeats and bakemeats, cakes and jellies, set out as if for some banquet of state; and trophies of more substantial gifts, of fans and silks and lamps, vessels of china and lacquer and brass, even clocks and rugs from Western markets. And, to complete the picture, there rise from among the clusters of buildings tall forest trees of graceful form and foliage, palms and banians and the beautiful wood-oil tree.

Hitherto we have been abundantly occupied in observing the beauty and strangeness of the holy place and its surroundings, and no note has been taken of the composition of the vast, orderly crowd through which we pass at a foot's pace. Yet here too there is enough to rivet all our attention and to afford matter for reflection for many a day to come. It is a stirring thought, yet we cannot doubt its truth, that in its principal features the crowd of to-day differs little from that which may have assembled on the same spot two thousand years ago, at a time when the very existence of the country was a fable to the Western world, yet when, in the quiet of their unknown retreat, the followers of one of the greatest teachers of the human race were raising a monument destined to outlive hundreds of generations, till, with freshness unimpaired, it came to be among the wonders of the latest ages of mankind. Meantime our immediate notice is perhaps most drawn to the number and variety of the strange races and tribes and costumes by which we are surrounded. If the Turanian element predominates, one is struck nevertheless at frequent intervals by some figure in marked and incongruous contrast to the mass. For among the multitude of Burmese and Karens, Shans and Toungthoos, Chinese, Arakanese, Talines, and Chins, may be seen, conspicuous in their foreign garb, Panthays from Yunan, bearded Sikhs from the Punjab, traders from Lucknow and Delhi, big-turbaned Madrasis, muslin-clad Bengali Babus, pilgrims from Ceylon, and wanderers even from far Cabul and Bokhara; while here and there the stream of Oriental life is broken by groups representing the most modern types of Western countries — young Scotchmen dressed in homespun, English girls in "habit, hat, and feather," and now and again the fresh faces and smart uniforms of English soldiers.

In so mixed a company the subjects worthy of special study are without end. In this place it must suffice if anything like a truthful impression can be given of the Burmese national type, here seen at its best, as represented by the young men and maidens of the rising generation. Close by us stands a group of one of the leading families of Rangoon. Half Taline by descent, they represent the ideal of the modern Burman in feature, manner, and costume; and a graceful picture it is that they compose. Look first at that youth of eighteen, who has just entered the Rangoon Government College and is proud of the blushing honors of an undergraduate of the Calcutta University. Girlish almost to effeminacy he seems, with his fair complexion and beardless Mongolian face, his long hair twisted into a top-knot and entwined with gay flowered turban of silk. A white linen jacket with tight sleeves, and fastened with buttons of red gold, sets off the slight, square figure, and throws into prominence the grotesque devices of red tattooing on the neck. A flowing kilt of bright tartan silk, and sandals of crimson cloth, complete the costume of the Burmese gentleman of to-day, — a striking contrast to his coevals and fellow-subjects of the Indian continent. Were it not for the universal badge of profuse tatooing on legs and arms and neck, many a Burmese youth might be taken by a stranger for a girl. But the complexion bronzes in manhood, when the masculine type becomes naturally more pronounced. Even here there can be no illusion, as the eye passes from the figure of the boy to the sisters and cousins by his side, — frail slips of Eastern blood such as one wonders to see braving the burning sun and public crowd. Regular beauty has never been claimed for the Burmese girl, yet her fascinations have been found powerful enough to lead to many a romance, sometimes of tragic interest, in the history even of the Western

nations with whom she has been associated. Nor will this be unintelligible even to those who have seen no more of the people than in such an assembly as that of which I speak. For a freedom and independence unknown in most Eastern countries they will have been prepared in the women of Burmah, but hardly for all the signs of refinement and breeding, for the ease and grace of manner and speech, the modest self-possession, the bright intelligence, the sweet expression, the taste in dress. Even the flower-girl seated at her stall, with downcast eyes and pencilled eyebrows and flowers in the glistening hair, seems strangely refined for such a situation; but here and there among the family groups we are confronted by a type to which the meed of beauty cannot be denied, heightened as it is by every adjunct of tasteful adornment. The features may be wanting in regularity, and there may be too much of the artificial in eyebrows and complexion, but the large eyes are dark and lustrous, their long lashes droop over fair round cheeks with the faintest flush of color; round the slender neck are strands of pearl and ruby; the heavy earrings flash with diamonds, and the simply dressed hair, drawn back from the face, is relieved by a wreath of white orchid flowers.

The whole costume, too, is in accord with the type of face and figure. In itself the Burmese figure can bear no comparison with the beautiful types of southern and western India, yet there is grace enough and symmetry enough in the slender figure of the Turanian girl, set off by closely clinging skirt and sleeve, by texture and color of silk and velvet, by purity of fine linen, by skilful setting of jewellery and flowers. And to the unique picture the finishing touch is given by the graceful handling of the huge scented cigarette, which seems to form an essential part of the costume.

From the foregoing rough sketch it may be gathered that there is to be found a freshness which even the Eastern traveller must go far to seek in the scene presented, on the great festivals, by the slopes and summits of the sacred hill which overlooks the city of Rangoon. But, in addition to the yearly festivals of spring and autumn, there occurs from time to time some occasion of special and exceptional interest, as when, two years ago, the whole surface of the Shwedagone was re-covered with gold-leaf, at a cost of ten thousand pounds; or on such a rare occasion as that in 1871, when the great pagoda was crowned with a new *htee* of unprecedented magnificence, the gift of the king of Ava. An eye-witness of this extraordinary scene may be pardoned for essaying here briefly to recall some of its leading incidents.

For weeks before the date fixed for the elevation, the *htee* in all its glory of plates of pure gold, with its rubies and sapphires and diamonds, its gold and silver bells of finest workmanship, was displayed to the admiring public on the river-bank. The rich treasure was enclosed in a strong palisade, but its safety was guaranteed less by any watchfulness of its guards than by the popular sense of its sanctity and genuine pride in the splendor of the royal offering.

When the appointed day arrived the *htee* was conveyed in procession through the town, with every accompaniment of pomp and pageant, to the summit of the pagoda hill. Here the representatives of her Majesty, in the person of the chief commissioner with his staff and other officials, the ambassadors of his Majesty of Ava, the heads of the Buddhist monastic order, venerable elders from the town of Rangoon, the leading citizens of a hundred provincial towns, and all the wealth and beauty of the province were met to join in celebrating the great event. The golden surface of the pagoda itself was shrouded for the time by a close network of bamboo scaffolding, but the multitude of representative spectators and all the pageantry of the shrine were of more than ordinary richness and importance, while the special interest of the occasion centred in the great offering of royalty, and in the difficult and even perilous work of placing the costly canopy on its lofty pedestal. Even as a work of engineering there was matter enough for wonder and admiration in the raising of this huge mass of metal to a height of more than three hundred feet, and its fixture at an elevation which renders it the centre of attraction for every thundercloud and whirlwind of a tropical climate. "Admirable though not scientific" was the criticism passed by the English engineers on the spot. And this is how the work was done, by primitive methods and without the aid of modern arts or mechanism. From a chosen point on the extreme edge of the plateau on which the pagoda stands, huge lengths of rope cable were carried upward in a direct line, and, passing through a set of parallel pulleys fixed near the summit of the building, were thence carried downward at a corre-

sponding angle to the opposite point at the brow of the hill; the line thus describing a gigantic triangle, with the plateau for the base, and the cables being so arranged as to form a miniature funicular railway, more perilous than those of the Rigi or of Glion, insomuch as the line passed not by the face of a mountain but through mid-air, with no support but that of its own tension. The cables were stretched taut throughout, and were constructed of sufficient strength to bear the passage of a solid-wheeled car, formed to carry the precious freight to its destination. For the motive power by which the car should receive its impetus, it was fitly arranged that this should be furnished by the combined physical strength of the crowd. The ends of the ropes forming the aerial railway were extended along the ground and carried round the whole circuit of the plateau, passing through the hands of the multitude of spectators; so that in the great work men, women, and even children, without number or distinction, could bear an active share.

The ease with which the arrangement was carried out, the orderly and reverent behavior of the crowd, and the complete success of the simple mechanical device were worthy of the admiration they excited. At the given signal the crowd was put in motion leading the great rope round the border of the plateau, and in response to the impetus thus given on one side, and communicated through the pulleys on the summit, the huge car bearing the first and heaviest section of the *htee* was seen slowly to leave the earth, and ascending the giddy line, to mount through the air to the summit. The enthusiasm of the people burst forth in a deep murmur of applause; and the climax of excitement was reached when it was perceived that four Burmese youths of exceptional courage and devotion had taken up a position one at each corner of the car itself, and not only accompanied the *htee* on its aerial journey, but were seen fearlessly dancing in Burmese fashion as they ascended through the air. The whole spectacle was one which none of the beholders are ever likely to forget; and one can imagine the life-long impression which must have been made on the rising generation of Buddhists, of whom so many were not only spectators of the scene but had an actual hand in so striking a ceremony.

A special importance has been given to the occasion by the subsequent history of the country, for it was the last great offering which will ever be dedicated to the famous shrine by a king of the ancient line. By the final dethronement of the royal house of Alompra a new direction has been given to the natural loyalty of the Burmese people; and as no shame need attach to the incorporation of the country with the greatest of eastern empires, so assuredly the future prospects of the nation are a thousand-fold the brighter for the almost bloodless revolution by which Burmah has passed under the shadow of a sovereignty which represents the van of human freedom. Under the new power religious liberty will forever be assured the fullest protection, and until Buddhism gives place to a still purer faith, her high places, — among which the Shwedagone pagoda must always stand in the foremost rank both for sanctity and magnificence, — will retain their ancient fame; and around these there will gather undisturbed, as from time immemorial, all those venerable associations which unite the races of the Indo-Chinese peninsula in the bond of a common religion.

P. HORDERN.

From The New Review.

ART NOTES IN NORTH ITALY.

BY WALTER PATER.

TITIAN, as we see him in what some have thought his noblest work, the large altar-piece, dated 1522, his forty-fifth year, of SS. Nazaro e Celso, at Brescia, is certainly a religious — a great religious painter. The famous Gabriel of the Annunciation, aflight, in all the effortless energy of an angel in deed, and Sebastian, adapted, it was said, from an ancient statue but as novel in design as if Titian had been the first to handle that so familiar figure in old religious art — may represent for us a vast and varied amount of sacred work — in which he expands to their utmost artistic compass the earlier religious dreams of Mantegna and the Bellini, affording sufficient proof of the way in which great religious themes could rouse his imagination and all his manual skill to heroic effects. But he is also the painter of the "Venus of the Tribune" and the "Triumph of Bacchus;" and such frank acceptance of the voluptuous paganism of the Renaissance, the motive of a large proportion of his work, may make us think that religion, grandly dramatic as was his conception of it, can have been for him

only one of many pictorial attitudes. There are, however, painters of that date who, while their work is great enough to be connected, though quite groundlessly, with Titian's personal influence, or directly attributed to his hand, possess this at least psychological interest, that about their religiousness there can be no question. Their work is to be looked for mainly in and about the twin sub-alpine towns of Brescia and Bergamo; in the former of which it becomes definable as a *school* — the school of Moretto, in whom the perfected art of the later Renaissance is to be seen in union with a catholicism as convinced, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, as that of Giotto or Angelico.

Moretto of Brescia, for instance, is perhaps the only painter who has had full intelligence of the artistic opportunities of the subject of Saint Paul, for whom, for the most part, art has found only the conventional trappings of a Roman soldier (a soldier, as being in charge of those prisoners to Damascus) or a somewhat unheroic or even mean old age. Moretto also makes him a nobly accoutred soldier — the rim of the helmet, thrown backward in his fall to the earth, rings the head already with a faint circle of glory — but a soldier still in possession of all those resources of unspoiled youth he is ready to offer in a moment to the truth which has just dawned visibly upon him. The terrified horse, very grandly designed, leaps high against the suddenly darkened sky above the distant horizon of Damascus, and (though with all Moretto's peculiar understanding of the power of black and white) might be Titian's. But what signs the picture inalienably as Moretto's own is the thought of the saint himself, at the moment of his recovery from the stroke of Heaven. The pure, pale, beardless face, in noble profile, might have had for its immediate model some military monk of a later age, but breathes all the joy and confidence of the apostle who knows in a single flash of time that he has found the veritable captain of his soul. It is, indeed, the Paul whose genius of conviction has so greatly moved the minds of men, of which even those glorious epistles are but the reflection — the soldier, who, bringing his prisoners "bound to Damascus," is become the soldier of Jesus Christ.

Moretto's picture has found its place in a dark recess, alas! of the Church of Santa Maria presso San Celso, in the suburbs of Milan, hard by the site of the old Roman cemetery, where Ambrose, at a moment when in one of his many conflicts a "sign" was needed, found the bodies of Nazarus and Celsus, youthful patrician martyrs in the reign of Nero, overflowing now with miraculous powers, their blood still fresh upon them — *conspersa recenti sanguine.* The body of Saint Nazarus he removed into the city; that of Saint Celsus remained within the little sanctuary which still bears his name, and beside which, in the fifteenth century, arose the glorious Church of the Madonna, with spacious *atrium* after the Ambrosian manner, a façade richly sculptured in the style of the Renaissance, and sumptuously adorned within. Behind the massive silver tabernacle of the altar of the miraculous picture which gave its origin to this splendid building, the rare visitor, peeping as into some sacred bird-nest, detects one of the loveliest works of Luini, a small, but exquisitely finished "Holy Family." Among the fine pictures around are works by two other very notable religious painters of the *cinque-cento.* Both alike, Ferrari and Borgognone, may seem to have introduced into fiery Italian latitudes a certain northern temperature, and somewhat twilight, French, or Flemish, or German thoughts. Ferrari, coming from the neighborhood of Varallo, after work at Vercelli and Novara, returns thither to labor, as both sculptor and painter, in the "stations" of the Sacro Monte, at a form of religious art which would seem to have some natural kinship with the temper of a mountain people. It is as if the living actors in the "Passion Play" of Oberammergau had been transformed into almost illusive groups in painted *terra-cotta.* The scenes of the Last Supper, of the Martyrdom of the Innocents, of the Raising of Jairus's daughter, for instance, are certainly touching in the naïve piety of their life-sized realism. But, besides Tabachetti, Gaudenzio Ferrari had many helpmates at the Sacro Monte; and his lovelier work is in the Franciscan church at the foot of the hill, and in those two truly Italian far-off towns of the Lombard plain. Even in his great, many-storied fresco in the Franciscan church at Varallo there are traces of a somewhat barbaric hankering after solid form; the armor of the Roman soldiers, for example, is raised and gilt. It is as if this serious soul, going back to his mountain home, had lapsed again into mountain "grotesque," with touches also, in truth, of a peculiarly northern poetry — a mystic poetry, which now and again, in his treatment, for instance, of angel forms and faces, reminds

one of Blake. There is something of it certainly in the little white spectral soul of the penitent thief making its escape from the dishonored body along the beam of his cross.

The contrast is a vigorous one when, in the space of a few hours, the traveller finds himself at Vercelli, half stifled in its thick pressing crop of pumpkins and mulberry-trees. The expression of the prophet occurs to him: "A lodge in a garden of cucumbers." Of cucumbers and half-tropical flowers — the garden has invaded the quiet open spaces of the town. Search through them, through the almost cloistral streets, for the Church of the Umiliati; and there, amid the soft garden shadows of the choir, you may find the sentiment of the neighborhood expressed with great refinement in what is perhaps the masterpiece of Ferrari — "Our Lady of the Fruit Garden," we might say — attended by twelve life-sized saints and the monkish donors of the picture; the remarkable proportions of the tall panel, up which the green-stuff is climbing thickly above the mitres and sacred garniture of those sacred personages, lending themselves to the gigantic stature of Saint Christopher in the foreground as the patron saint of the church. With the savor of this picture in his memory, the visitor will look eagerly in some half-dozen neighboring churches and deserted conventual places for certain other works from Ferrari's hand; and so, leaving the place under the influence of his delicate religious ideal, may seem to have been listening to much exquisite church music there, violins and the like, on that perfectly silent afternoon, — such music as he may still really hear on Sundays at the neighboring town of Novara, famed for it from of old. Here, again, the art of Gaudenzio Ferrari reigns. Gaudenzio — it is the name of the saintly prelate on whom his pencil was many times employed, first Bishop of Novara, and patron of the magnificent basilica hard by which still covers his body, and whose earthly presence in cope and mitre he has commemorated in the altar-piece of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," with its refined richness of color — like nothing else around it in the vast *duomo* of old Roman architecture, now heavily masked in splendid stucco — like a bank of real flowers blooming there. The solemn mountains, under the closer shadow of which his genius put on a northern hue, are far away, telling at Novara only as the grandly theatrical background to an entirely lowland life. And here, as at Vercelli so at Novara, Ferrari is not less graciously Italian than Luini himself.

If the name of Luini's master, Borgognone, thirty years earlier than Ferrari, is no proof of northern extraction, a northern temper is nevertheless a marked element of his genius — something of the *patience*, especially, of the masters of Dijon or Bruges, nowhere more clearly than in the two groups of male and female heads in the National Gallery, family groups, painted in the attitude of worship, with a lowly religious sincerity which may remind us of the contemporary work of M. Legros. Like those northern masters, he accepts piously, but can refine, what "has no comeliness;" and yet perhaps no painter has so adequately presented that purely personal beauty (for which, indeed, even profane painters for the most part have seemed to care very little) as Borgognone in the two deacons, Stephen and Laurence, who, in one of the altar-pieces of the Certosa, assist at the throne of Syrus, ancient, sainted, first Bishop of Pavia — stately youths in quite imperial dalmatics of black and gold. An indefatigable worker at many forms of religious art, here and elsewhere, assisting at last in the carving and inlaying of the rich marble façade of the Certosa, the rich carved and inlaid woodwork of Santa Maria at Bergamo, he is seen perhaps at his best, certainly in his most significantly religious mood, in the Church of the Incoronata at Lodi, especially in one picture there, the "Presentation of Christ in the Temple." The experienced visitor knows what to expect in the sacristies of the great Italian churches; the smaller, choicer works of Luini, say, of Della Robbia or Mino of Fiesole, the superb ambries and drawers and presses of old oak or cedar, the still untouched morsel of fresco — like sacred, priestly thoughts visibly lingering there in the half light. Well! the little octagonal Church of the Incoronata is like one of these sacristies. The work of Bramante — you see it, as it is so rarely one's luck to do, with its furniture and internal decoration complete and unchanged, the colored pavement, the coloring which covers the walls, the elegant little organ of Domenico da Lucca (1507), the altar-screens with their dainty rows of brass cherubs. In Borgognone's picture of the "Presentation," there it is, essentially as we see it to-day. The ceremony, invested with all the sentiment of a Christian sacrament, takes place in this very church, this tem-

ple of the Incoronata where you are standing, reflected there on the dimly glorious wall, as in a mirror. Borgognone has but inscribed in long legend, letter by letter, on the *gascia* below the cupola, the Song of Simeon.

The Incoronata, however, is, after all, the monument less of Ambrogio Borgognone than of the gifted Piazza family: Callisto, himself born at Lodi, his father, his uncle, his brothers, his son Fulvio, working there in three generations, under marked religious influence, and with so much power and grace that, quite gratuitously, portions of their work have been attributed to the master-hand of Titian, in some imaginary visit here to these painters, who were in truth the disciples of another — Romanino of Brescia. At Lodi, Scipione's lustre is lost in that of Callisto, his elder brother; but he might worthily be included in a list of painters memorable for a single picture, such pictures as the solemn Madonna of Pierino del Vaga, in the Duomo of Pisa, or the Holy Family of Pellegrino Piola, in the Goldsmiths' Street at Genoa. A single picture, a single figure in a picture, signed and dated, over the altar of Saint Clement, in the Church of San Spirito, at Bergamo, might preserve the fame of Scipione Piazza, who did not live to be old. The figure is that of the youthful Clement of Rome himself, "who had seen the blessed apostles," writing at the dictation of Saint Paul. For a moment he looks away from the letters of the book with all the wistful intelligence of a boy softly touched already by the radiancy of the celestial wisdom. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness!" That is the lesson this winsome, docile, spotless creature — *ingenui vultus puer ingenuique pudoris* — younger brother or cousin of Borgognone's noble deacons at the Certosa — seems put there to teach us. And in this church, indeed, as it happens, Scipione's work is side by side with his.

It is here, in fact, at Bergamo and at Brescia, that the late survival of a really convinced religious spirit becomes a striking fact in the history of Italian art. Vercelli and Novara, though famous for their mountain neighborhood, enjoy but a distant and occasional view of Monte Rosa and its companions; and even then those awful stairways to tracts of airy sunlight may seem hardly real. But the beauty of the twin sub-alpine towns further eastward is shaped by the circumstance that mountain and plain meet almost in their streets, very effectively for all purposes of the picturesque. Brescia, immediately below the Falcon of Lombardy (so they called its masterful fortress on the last ledge of the Pie di Monte), to which you may now ascend by gentle, turfed paths, to watch the purple mystery of evening increase gradually from the great plain up the mountain-walls close at hand, is as level as a church pavement, home-like, with a kind of easy walking from point to point about it, rare in Italian towns — a town full of walled gardens, giving even its smaller habitations the retirement of their more sumptuous neighbors, and a certain English air. You may peep into them, pacing its broad streets, from the blaze of which you are glad to escape into the dim and sometimes gloomy churches, the twilight sacristies, rich with carved and colored woodwork. The art of Romanino still lights up one of the darkest of them with the altar-piece which is perhaps his most expressive and noblest work. The veritable blue sky itself seems to be breaking into the dark-cornered, low-vaulted, Gothic church of the Barefoot Brethren, around the Virgin and Child, the bowed, adoring figures of Bonaventura, Saint Francis, Saint Anthony, the youthful majesty of Saint Louis, to keep forever in memory not the king of France, however, in spite of the *fleurs-de-lys* on his cope of azure, but Louis, Bishop of Toulouse. A Rubens in Italy! you may think, if you care to rove from the delightful fact before you after vague, suppositious alliances — something between Titian and Rubens! Certainly Romanino's bold, contrasting coloring anticipates something of the northern freshness of Rubens; but while the peculiarity of the work of Rubens is a sense of momentary transition, as if the colors were even now melting in it, Romanino's canvas bears rather the steady glory of broad Italian noonday; while he is distinguished also for a remarkable *clearness* of design, which has perhaps something to do, is certainly congruous with, a marked religious sentiment, like that of Angelico or Perugino, lingering still in the soul of this Brescian painter towards the middle of the sixteenth century.

Romanino and Moretto, the two great masters of Brescia in successive generations, both alike inspired above all else by the majesty, the majestic beauty, of religion — its persons, its events, every circumstance that belongs to it — are to be seen in friendly rivalry, though with ten years' difference of age between them, in the Church of San Giovanni Evange-

lista; Romanino approaching there, as near as he might, in a certain candle-lighted scene, to that harmony in black, white, and grey preferred by the younger painter. Before this or that example of Moretto's work, in that admirably composed picture of "Saint Paul's Conversion," for instance, you might think of him as but a very noble designer in *grisaille*. A more detailed study would convince you that, whatever its component elements, there is a very complex tone which almost exclusively belongs to him; the "Saint Ursula," finally, that he is a great, though very peculiar, colorist — a lord of color who, while he knows the color resources that may lie even in black and white, has really included every delicate hue whatever, in that faded "silver grey" which yet lingers in one's memory as their final effect. For some admirers indeed he is definable as a kind of really sanctified Titian. It must be admitted, however, that whereas Titian sometimes lost a little of himself in the greatness of his designs, or committed their execution, in part, to others, Moretto, in his work, is always all *there* — thorough, steady, even, in his workmanship. That, again, was a result of his late-surviving religious conscience. And here, as in other instances, the supposed influence of the greater master is but a supposition. As a matter of fact, at least in his earlier life, Moretto made no visit to Venice; developed his genius at home, under such conditions for development as were afforded by the example of the earlier masters of Brescia itself; left his work there abundantly, and almost there alone, as the thoroughly representative product of a charming place. In the little Church of San Clemente he is still "at home" to his lovers; an intimately religious artist, full of cheerfulness, of joy. Upon the airy galleries of his great altar-piece, the angels dance against the sky above the Mother and the Child; Saint Clement, patron of the church, attendant in pontifical white, with Dominic, Catherine, the Magdalen, good, big-faced Saint Florian in complete armor, benign and strong. He knows many a saint not in the Roman breviary. Was there a single sweet-sounding name without its martyr patron? Lucia, Agnes, Agatha, Barbara, Cecilia — holy women, dignified, high-bred, intelligent — have an altar of their own; and here, as in that festal high altar-piece, the spectator may note yet another artistic alliance, something of the pale effulgence of Correggio — an approach, at least, to that peculiar treatment of light and shade, a pre-occupation with certain tricks therein of nature itself, by which Correggio touches Rembrandt on the one hand, Da Vinci on the other. Here, in Moretto's work, you may think that manner more delightful, because more refined perhaps, than in Correggio himself. Those pensive, tarnished, silver side-lights, like mere reflections of natural sunshine, may be noticed indeed in many another painter of that day, in Lanini, for instance, at the National Gallery. In his "Nativity," at the Brera, Procaccini of Verona almost anticipates Correggio's "Heilige Nacht." It is, in truth, the first step in the decomposition of light, a touch of decadence, of sunset, along the whole horizon of north-Italian art. It is, however, as the painter of the white-stoled Ursula and her companions that the great master of Brescia is most likely to remain in the memory of the visitor; with this fact, above all, clearly impressed on it, that Moretto had attained full intelligence of all the pictorial powers of *white*. In the clearness, the cleanliness, the hieratic distinction, of this earnest and deeply felt composition, there is something "pre-Raphaelite;" as also in a certain liturgical formality in the grouping of the virgins — the looks, "all one way," of the closely ranged faces; while in the long folds of the drapery we may see something of the severe grace of early Tuscan sculpture — something of severity in the long, thin, emphatic shadows. For the light is high, as with the level lights of early morning, the air of which ruffles the banners borne by Ursula in her two hands, her virgin companions laying their hands also upon the tall staves, as if taking share, with a good will, in her self-dedication, with all the hazard of battle. They bring us, appropriately, close to the grave of this manly yet so virginal painter, born in the year 1500, dead at forty-seven.

Of Moretto and Romanino, whose works thus light up, or refine, the dark churches of Brescia and its neighborhood, Romanino is scarcely to be seen beyond it. The National Gallery, however, is rich in Moretto's work, with two of his rare poetic portraits; and if the large altar-picture would hardly tell his secret to one who had not studied him at Brescia, in those who already know him it will awake many a reminiscence of his art at its best. The three white mitres, for instance, grandly painted towards the centre of the picture, at the feet of Saint Bernardino of Siena — the three bishoprics refused by that lowly saint — may remind one of the great white

mitre which, in the genial picture of Saint Nicholas, in the Miracoli at Brescia, one of the children, who as delightfully unconventional acolytes accompanied their beloved patron into the presence of the Madonna, carries along so willingly, laughing almost with pleasure and pride, at his part in so great a function. In the altar-piece at the National Gallery those white mitres form the keynote from which the pale, cloistral splendors of the whole picture radiate. You see what a wealth of enjoyable color Moretto, for one, can bring out of monkish habits in themselves sad enough, and receive a new lesson in the artistic value of reserve.

Rarer still (the single work of Romanino, it is said, to be seen out of Italy) is the elaborate composition in five parts on the opposite side of the doorway. Painted for the high altar of one of the many churches of Brescia, it seems to have passed into secular hands about a century ago. Alessandro, patron of the church, one of the many youthful patrician converts Italy reveres from the ranks of the Roman army, stands there on one side, with ample crimson banner superbly furled about his lustrous black armor, and on the other — Saint Jerome, Romanino's own namesake — neither more nor less than the familiar, self-tormenting anchorite; for few painters (Bellini, to some degree, in his picture of the saint's study) have perceived the rare pictorial opportunities of Jerome; Jerome with the true cradle of the Lord, first of Christian antiquaries, author of the fragrant Vulgate version of the Scriptures. Alessandro and Jerome support the Mother and the Child in the central place. But the loveliest subjects of this fine group of compositions are in the corners above, half-length, life-sized figures — Gaudioso, Bishop of Brescia, above Saint Jerome; above Alessandro, Saint Filippo Benizzi, meek founder of the order of Servites to which that church at Brescia belonged, with his lily, and in the right hand a book; and what a book! It was another very different painter, Giuseppe Caletti, of Cremona, who, for the truth and beauty of his drawing of them, gained the title of the "Painter of Books." But if you wish to see what can be made of the leaves, the vellum cover, of a book, observe that in Saint Philip's hand. The writer? the contents? you ask: What may they be? and whence did it come? — out of embalmed sacristy, or antique coffin of some early Brescian martyr, or, through that bright space of blue Italian sky, from the hands of an angel, like his Annunciation lily, or the book received in the Apocalypse by John the Divine? It is one of those old saints, Gaudioso (at home in every church of Brescia), who looks out with full face from the opposite corner of the altar-piece, from a background which, though it might be the new heaven over a new earth, is in truth only the proper, breathable air of Italy. As we see him here, Saint Gaudioso is one of the more exquisite treasures of our National Gallery. It was thus that at the magic touch of Romanino's art the dim, early, hunted-down Brescian church of the primitive centuries, crushed into the dust, it might seem, was "brought to her king," out of those old dark crypts, "in raiment of needlework" — the delicate, richly folded, pontifical white vestments, the mitre and staff and gloves, and rich jewelled cope, blue or green. The face, of remarkable beauty after a type which all feel though it is actually rare in art, is probably a portrait of some distinguished churchman of Romanino's own day; a second Gaudioso, perhaps, setting that later Brescian church to rights after the terrible French occupation in the painter's own time, as his saintly predecessor, the Gaudioso of the earlier century here commemorated, had done after the invasion of the Goths. The eloquent eyes are open upon some glorious vision. "He hath made us kings and priests!" they seem to say for him, as the clean, sensitive lips might do so eloquently. Beauty and holiness had "kissed each other," as in Borgognone's imperial deacons at the Certosa. At the Renaissance the world might seem to have parted them again. But here certainly, once more, Catholicism and the Renaissance, religion and culture, holiness and beauty, might seem reconciled, by one who had conceived neither after any feeble way, in a gifted person. Here at least, by the skill of Romanino's hand, the obscure martyr of the crypts shines as a saint of the later Renaissance, with a sanctity of which the elegant world itself would hardly escape the fascination, and which reminds one how the great apostle Saint Paul has made curtesy part of the content of the divine charity itself. A Rubens in Italy! — so Romanino has been called. In this gracious presence we might think that, like Rubens also, he had been a courtier.

From The National Review.

NEWMAN FROM NEWMAN'S POINTS OF VIEW.

AMID the many sketches of Newman's life and articles upon his momentous secession, it would seem not unprofitable to consider these things shortly and particularly from the points of view of the man who lived the life and in it wrought out the secession. It was in the year 1831, the year in which the Reform Bill was introduced into Parliament, that Newman first undertook what eventually led him to Rome, the systematic study of the Fathers and of the history of the Church; that study which brought him and others to the religious movement of 1833. It will not be amiss, before very briefly considering that movement and its results to Newman, to call the reader's attention to his attitude of mind throughout the long course of his religious life. It really was one, on the whole, of child-like quietness and confidence in God. "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know." "No good," he says in the introduction to the famous Tract 90, "can come of a change which is not a development of feelings springing up freely and calmly within the bosom of the whole body itself." He is speaking of the Church, but the attitude is remarkably his own. "We must come together to God, to do for us what we cannot do for ourselves." "Our business is with ourselves — to make ourselves more holy, more self-denying, more primitive, more worthy of our high calling." It is a sentiment charmingly expressed in the "Lyra Apostolica:"—

> So when my Saviour calls, I rise
> And calmly do my best;
> Leaving to him, with silent eyes
> Of hope and fear, the rest:

and even with deeper pathos in Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light."

That hymn was written while becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio in the spring of 1833. Newman had been travelling in Italy, had fallen ill, and was now on his way home. I am fond of resemblances between the lives of men with like names, and like to think of John Milton and John Newman returning home from Italy to England, each at a crisis for his country, with the same thought, "I have a work to do in England," and with the same confidence in the Supreme Being that he would show them what that work was and guide them through it.

Like Milton, Newman came back to plunge into a sea of work and controversy. The notions of Liberalism in politics had spread to religion. Men were getting unsettled in their faith owing to the "Biblical and theological speculations of Germany." Newman banded himself with Keble, Hurrell Froude, Hugh Rose, and others, in defence of a Mother Church assailed by rude antagonists. Gradually the movement centred at Oxford, and Newman, as he says, out of his own head commenced the Tracts, by no means approved by all the party. There was to be a second Reformation. A *via media* was to be found, a midway road between Rome and Protestantism leading to that "primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered and attested in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican divines." And Newman took a keen intellectual pleasure in the controversy. Like that more famous apologist, whose method of questions he uses later on with such effect when he makes mincemeat of Mr. Kingsley, he delighted in irony. He liked to bring a dull or self-conceited man "to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could."

What, then, was the teaching which Newman enforced with all his intellectual and spiritual might? He was confident, he says, of three things. He believed in dogma, he believed in a visible Church, and he was confident that Rome was anti-Christian. Yet year by year he grew weaker in this confidence, influenced by much reading, by much conversation, by much reverence for what was old and stable, repelled even, as he more than hints, by vulgar abuse and by the loud talk of men with whom he had little in common.

Weight and dignity were added to the movement when, about the end of 1833, Dr. Pusey "showed a disposition to make common cause with us." Dr. Pusey was a professor and a canon of Christ Church. "He at once," says Newman, "gave to us a position and a name" — a name which became the name of the party, so that some have had the habit to talk of Puseyism and the Puseyite party, without the knowledge that Newman was its moving spirit, perhaps even without having heard of him.

The party kept on increasing in power. Men came up to Oxford, and were brought under the direct or indirect influence of Newman or Pusey; others in the country read Keble's hymns, and learnt to understand and appreciate a notion still foreign

to the minds of most Englishmen, the notion of a divinely ordered Church with authoritative powers, with chief officers descending in unbroken spiritual succession from the apostles. How foreign these notions were to the English mind may be gathered from such a remark as this: "I was amused to hear of one of the bishops, who, on reading an early Tract on the 'Apostolical Succession,' could not make up his mind whether he held the doctrine or not."

Well, the teaching went on. Those who had been influenced by it at Oxford went down, some of them, into town and country and preached like doctrine, and it was hard for Anglicans to get out of it, for much of what was said in the Tracts was based, or professed to be based, on the English Prayer Book. "I took my stand," says Newman, "on the Prayer Book;" and he would push to conclusions, he would not permit the usual English practical method, as it is called. He was gradually beginning to see that *a* Church meant *the* Church, and what was that?

And so it came about that in the beginning of 1841 Newman was dealing with the Articles in the celebrated Tract 90. Friends had said to him, "What will you make of the Articles?" but he had not been apprehensive. The Articles were held to be against Rome, and he was held to favor Rome; but what was Rome and what were the Articles — what did they mean? And Newman shows, and even says, that he wanted to go "as far as possible in interpreting the Articles in the direction of Roman dogma." But were not the Articles drawn up against popery? Yes, and no. "What was the great question in the days of Henry and Elizabeth? The supremacy. Now was I saying one single word in favor of the supremacy of the Holy See — of the foreign jurisdiction? No; I did not believe in it myself. Did Henry VIII. religiously hold justification by faith only? Did he disbelieve purgatory? Had Elizabeth a conscience against the mass?" Besides, was not ambiguous language purposely used to gain over the papists? Besides, last and most important, what if the very men who drew up the Articles themselves therein imposed what was now held to be papistical belief? And he illustrates this last contention by reference to the 35th Article, which speaks of the "godly," "wholesome," and "necessary" doctrine of the second Book of Homilies, which book, as any one can see by referring to it, contains the more important Romish doctrines.

Well, the Tract appeared, and was received with a storm of indignation throughout the country; and Newman was hurt to find that whilst other parties in the Church might interpret doctrines in accordance with their understanding of them, and in accordance with their sentiments, such license was not to be allowed to the Oxford party. "Tobit and his dog baith are altogether heathenish and apocryphal," cry the Evangelicals, though the second Book of Homilies declares the Book of Tobit to be Scripture; but no license is to be allowed to their opponents.

Newman saw that his place and authority in the movement were gone. "Confidence in me was lost, but I had already lost confidence in myself." He still saw dominant errors in the Church of Rome, but he felt that he had more in common with Rome than with certain sections of his own Church. He would not withdraw the Tract, though pressed to do so; but in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford he withdrew from his place in the movement. It was a wrench, and he did not feel that he was wrong. "I think I can bear," he says, "or at least I will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my charge."

Earlier than this, Newman had found in the course of his investigations into Church history that Protestantism was no new movement. Yet the Protestants of the fifth century were in his opinion undoubted heretics, but the Church, the Roman Church, remained the same. He was greatly affected by the words of St. Augustine, "Securus judicat orbis terrarum," which we may explain and enlarge in Newman's own words, "the deliberate judgment, in which the whole Church at length rests and acquiesces, is an infallible prescription and a final sentence against such portions of it as protest and recede." We must always recollect, of course, that Newman looked upon the Church as God-guided, whereas it is rather our English habit to look upon the individual as God-guided. As often happens in such cases, the thought of the inference to be drawn from St. Augustine's words died away for the time. Newman would not be hurried, but he was getting near to Rome. Always he will allow himself to be "led on by God's hand blindly, not knowing whither he is taking me," yet

making sure intellectually of each step as it is taken. His trust was full. These suggestions might come from below, but God would show him in time, in his own good time. But at any rate the *via media* was done for. There was little left between him and Rome but certain "positive and special charges which he could bring against it," her inconsistencies, her ambition and intrigue, her sophistries; also, he did not agree at present in the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception, and the Adoration of Saints. Nor will he meet Romans. He would not be interfered with. "Why do you meddle? Why cannot you let me alone? You can do me no good; you know nothing on earth about me, you may actually do me harm; I am in better hands than yours. I know my own sincerity of purpose, and I am determined upon taking my time."

How near he was now to Rome may be seen in an article which he contributed in 1840 to the *British Critic*, where he confesses that we are bound to pray for the day when the Anglican and Roman Church shall be reunited in the pure light of the Gospel. At present Rome's methods prevent this. She has not got the *note* or mark of holiness in some of her methods; a note essential, in his opinion, to the life of a true Church.

And now he gets him to Littlemore, a hamlet attached to his living of St. Mary's, and which became a place of rest for him near Oxford; here to submit the Articles to a crucial test, and see if they would come out Catholic; and he contemplated the resignation of St. Mary's, for he felt that he did not use it as a parish church, but as a sort of university office. He did not know his parishioners, and says he did not get on well with them; he did not influence the masses. He began his various plans, lectures, services, etc., for his parishioners, but they did not come to them, and the university did come; and he felt that his teaching was leading others, if not himself, to Rome, and he did not think it fair to do that from an Anglican pulpit. Yet he consulted friends, and on the whole decided to keep St. Mary's for the present, lest men might talk if he gave it up and harm be done, and for such other reasons; but he took a curate, and gave him more and more of the church work.

"In the summer of 1841 I found myself at Littlemore without any harass or anxiety on my mind. I had determined to put aside all controversy, and I set myself down to my translation of St. Athanasius; but between July and November I received three blows which broke me." Rome, he found still in his reading, ever to have been what it was; Protestants and Anglicans to have been Arians and semi-Arians. And, next, the bishops, breaking through the "understanding" which had been arrived at, or so he believed, in the matter of Tract 90, began to charge against him, and he felt that "if bishops speak, I will speak too;" he felt, too, that he *must* speak — that many of his followers would rather go over than give up the doctrine expounded in Tract 90; that the condemnation of Tract 90 was driving men to Rome. And, last of all, there was the project of an Anglo-Prussian bishop of Jerusalem, to preside over all sorts of Christians whom he could get together of any kind of Church.

"I suppose," says Newman, "that the idea of Episcopacy, as the Prussian king understood it, was very different from that taught in the Tractarian school." Which seems likely. Yet Newman thought Jerusalem was selected as a sort of test-place — far enough off. Let us see how Prussians will stand a bishop at Jerusalem; then, perhaps, we may introduce bishops in Prussia. Hereabouts, as elsewhere often, there is as much irony as straightforward statement in the "Apologia," and it is not always easy to separate the one from the other. And he winds up this part of his subject, and closes this period of his life thus: "As to this project of a Jerusalem bishopric, I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done, except what it has done for me, which many think a great misfortune, and I, one of the greatest of mercies. It brought me on to the beginning of the end."

"From the end of 1841, I was on my death-bed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees." He still, from Littlemore, "kept back all persons who were disposed to go to Rome with all my might," and still looked about for "a controversial basis for my need." Still he found the notes of sanctity and life in the Anglican Church.

As regards his docrrinal position as an Anglican churchman at this time, it is most difficult; a clear knowledge of it can, perhaps, be gained after much study of, and thought upon, the commencement of Part VI. of the "Apologia," but it would be absurd to attempt to treat it adequately in a sketch like the present.

Yet we may say so much as this. Newman's position was one of distraction and

difficulty. He had in a sort of charge many young men and ardent, some of whom were going over to Rome, whose parents and guardians naturally blamed him for their subversion. He was accused — always has been accused, till lately — of dishonesty; of being a Romanist and knowing that he was a Romanist, and remaining nominally in the English Church for the purpose of gaining converts. He certainly was much more a Romanist than anything else, but he felt he must not be hurried, nor could he give up altogether his position as guide to those who wished to consult him, without precipitating matters; without, in all probability, causing a larger secession to Rome. It was not a question of some one or two elementary principles of right and wrong, but a question of great complexity, not one that could be decided by feeling, or writing down reasons *pro* and *con*, but one the difficulty of which even could not perhaps, and cannot perhaps, be appreciated by those who had not and have not had long, anxious years of trouble on such-like subjects; but he is indignant when men say, "You tried to gain me over to your party, intending to take me with you to Rome," whereas, like Socrates, it was not his habit to try to gain any one over to himself. Nor did he try to bring men to Rome, where he was not; it is their own "coxcombical fancy which has bred such thoughts in them." And as is well pointed out in the valuable latter part of a letter signed "K," in the *Standard* of August 19th, 1890, and as Newman shows in his "Apologia," the Puseyite party at this time consisted of two sections, the older section who would go far but not all the way, and the newer society, men who had not grown up with the party, men, as "K" points out, who did not know much or care much about Anglicanism, who had no feeling of patriotic love for the Church of Laud, many of them, as Newman had been himself, disposed to Evangelicism, coming up to Oxford from business centres, without old home Church traditions; these even went farther than the old party, having nothing to keep them back — no traditional Church of their own, these then went over to Rome before and after Newman; but, speaking generally, the old members of the party stayed behind.

His position now was such as might well have driven a weaker man out of his senses. It is his old complaint — they would not leave him alone; and in a passage of fine eloquence, which towards its close almost reaches the highest order of eloquence, he cries: "What was I doing at Littlemore? Doing there? Have I not retreated from you? Have I not given up my position and my place? Am I alone, of Englishmen, not to have the privilege to go where I will, no questions asked? Am I alone to be followed by jealous, prying eyes, who note down whether I go in at a back door or at the front, and who the men are who happen to call on me in the afternoon? Cowards! If I advanced one step, you would run away; it is not you that I fear; 'Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis,' the Gods affright me; I know not if Heaven is my friend."

His heart was stricken within him; he was wounded, and in fear and doubt, and they would not leave him alone. They pried round Littlemore. At last his own kind bishop was compelled to ask him to refute the stories about his house there — was it, or was it to be, a convent? And he explains, yet perhaps gives no satisfying explanation, for as he says in another reference, "I am encompassed with responsibilities, so great and so various, as utterly to overcome me, unless I have mercy from him who all through my life has sustained and guided me, and to whom I can now submit myself, though men of all parties are thinking evil of me."

"My last sermon was in September, 1843; then I remained at Littlemore in quiet for two years." For two years before the great event Newman had given up his living, and took no clerical duty, remaining in lay communion with the Church of England. "Quiet" is not used here in the sense that he was let alone.

How foolish men were to disturb him is shown by some remarks he makes regarding Dr. Russell, sometime president of Maynooth: "He had perhaps more to do with my conversion than any one else. . . . He called on me. . . . I do not recollect that he said a word on religion. He sent me several letters. He gave me one or two books. He was always gentle, mild, unobtrusive, uncontroversial. He let me alone."

In 1843, besides the resignation of St. Mary's, Newman made a formal retractation of all the hard things which he had said of Rome.

His saddest thought was this — that his retirement would drive men to Liberalism, thence, perhaps, to Atheism. He had been the chief upholder of dogmatism;

he had found it hard work to make Englishmen dogmatic, they did not naturally like it, they would not go away with him, and where else could they go? "There are but two alternatives, the way to Rome and the way to Atheism. Anglicanism is the half-way house on the one side, and Liberalism is the half-way house on the other." He had tried to make the Anglican system — a paper system — work, and it would not; and men would go away into no-system.

As regards the resignation of St. Mary's, there is this to be said. The bishops showed by their charges against Tract 90 that they did not desire to adopt the doctrine of the Church, and even of their Church, in Newman's opinion. He could not give up the tract. He believed the doctrine in it to be essential; but the bishops represented the Church. It appeared, then, that he was unfaithful to the English Church if he continued to hold St. Mary's. The immediate cause of the resignation of his living was the fact that a young man, an inmate of his house at Littlemore, went over to Rome. He tried to keep Littlemore, which was attached to St. Mary's, but it could not be granted.

Yet in all this he was hardly disappointed, hardly impatient; he felt he must go on, or rather sit still and see what came of it.

And his egotism — using the word in a good sense, if that may be, such as is the egotism of most men who have an *ego*, a being unlike that of the crowd — is apparent. He does not see always that people are thinking about themselves, as well as about him. He is even a little wilful. He will not look at things from others' points of view. Men argue against his convictions; they only confirm him in those convictions.

His was a strong nature; not passionate certainly, in fact singularly unpassionate, full of a sense of duty and piety, and an appreciation of form and system, gentle and charming, yet hard as flint in some ways; deep but not very broad, not very sensitive, yet capable of deep feeling. The pathos of the "Apologia" is *felt*, seldom *expressed*, yet sometimes expressed. On Michaelmas day, 1843, he writes to an old friend, near his death, to whom he could not bring himself to speak of his state: "You are always so kind, that sometimes, when I part with you, I am nearly moved to tears, and it would be a relief to be so, at your kindness and at my hardness. I think no one ever had such kind friends as I have." And his friend dies, and he sobs over his grave, and gets no light and no relief.

Still he will not hurry. He would like to wait, ay, till the summer of 1846, seven years from the time these convictions began to fall upon him; but he does not think he shall last so long. People are asking guidance for him. And he will be certain. And he doesn't want to shock people. And when he goes — for that is hardly doubtful now — he doesn't think many more will go, and hardly wishes it. "The simple question is, can *I* (it is personal, not whether another, but can *I*) be saved in the English Church? Am *I* in safety were I to die to-night? Is it a mortal sin in *me*, not joining another communion?" And he was afraid, too, lest he might come back after going over. But he could not wait forever.

The end came in the autumn of 1845. On October 8th he wrote to a number of his friends, "Littlemore, October 8, 1845, I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who from his youth has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. . . . He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one fold of Christ. P.S. — This will not go till all is over." "I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23, 1846." He stayed on Sunday night at the observatory; thither came friends to see him and say good-bye — Mr. Pattison, Mr. Lewis, Dr. Pusey, and others. He took leave of Trinity: "Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my university."

"On the morning of the 23rd I left the observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting the spires, as they are seen from the railway." Thus with full pathos ends, I had almost said, the public life of Newman. Yet there were other events in his life of public interest, and one event, the attack made upon his veracity by Mr. Kingsley, which brought him again notably before his fellow-countrymen in a way of lasting interest, seeing that it gave rise to perhaps the most important and interesting autobiography in

our language, not excepting that of yet another famous "John"—John Stuart Mill.

After a time he settled down at Birmingham as head of the Oratorians there, having been ordained priest, and called to that place.

From 1852 he was for some years rector of the so-called Catholic University of Dublin, and was perhaps as successful as the almost hopeless difficulties of the case allowed. Returning to Birmingham, he resided there for the rest of his life.

In 1851 an Italian, named Achilli, came to England to declaim against popery. This man had been expelled from his church for alleged misconduct, and Newman smote him to the ground. Newman was tried for libel, and lost his case; but no one ever heard any more of Achilli.

A far more interesting event occurred in 1864. Mr. Kingsley, who in comparison with Newman was an ignorant man in knowledge of controversy and Church history, and one by no means able to approach him in intellectual power, attacked him, perhaps at hazard, for lack of veracity, and for teaching that veracity was hardly a requisite virtue for Romans. Kingsley hated Romans as much as Newman dreaded Liberals, regarding them as Sir Walter represents them; and it seems strange if, as Newman supposes, the study of mediæval times and things in Scott induced men towards Rome, when the great novelist says and implies so much in disfavor of her doctrine. Kingsley is reported to have remarked at the conclusion of the controversy, that "he was right, but Newman was too clever for him;" the latter part of which saying, if said, is surely true. No man surely ever was so torn to pieces as Kingsley by Newman in his replies and criticisms, and yet this foolish attack was a blessed thing, because it struck Newman that the *best* reply would be to give a history of his religious opinions, an argument for his life, which he has done in England's famous "Apology."

There is little else to say in such a sketch as the present. Men wondered how he accepted this and that Catholic doctrine. They forgot that it was his belief that the Catholic Church was divinely guided, and that things are not all disclosed at once. He did not profess to understand all Catholic doctrines, any more than we profess to understand the doctrine of the Trinity. He accepted them, if they were clearly Catholic doctrines. It all seems really to have become very simple to his mind, as though he were to say, "I have, so far as I know, a reason. My reason, and my reading and examination, show me a God, and besides that a revelation and a Church divinely guided, which says, 'Do so and so; believe so and so,' and I do so and so, and believe so and so, not always understanding; ay, and it is possible that the Church may make mistakes in some of her proceedings for a while, but I am rightly bound to obey her." When the question of where rested the infallibility came before the world, Newman would rely on such beliefs. Certainly, in the "Apologia" he is not sure where infallibility rests, or at least, is not sure of every person or body in which it may rest; but as certainly he will accept the verdict of the Church.

The reasons why Newman was not raised to high place in the Roman Church until many years after his accession may have lain partly in himself, his own modesty, his feeling that he was not an evangelizer, and his inadaptability to all sorts of circumstances, even his wilfulness; partly, of course, it was due to the narrow influences that prevailed for a time at Rome. Moreover, it took time for Romans to know him, and perhaps they were surprised at the small immediate results of his secession; the ultimate results have not yet been arrived at.

In 1878 all England was pleased to hear that this great Englishman was to be raised to the dignity of cardinal. He went to Rome, a considerable undertaking at his age, and wondered why he had been selected for the dignity. It must have been, he thought, because of his life-long protest against Liberalism and in favor of dogma.

About this time, I think, he made his first visit to Oxford since his secession, and saw Dr. Pusey. What thoughts his must have been as he left the station, from which he had so often been sadly whirled away by that relentless "base mechanical contrivance," as his favorite Sir Walter would have called it. Not often, scarce ever since Ridley suffered and Latimer, could there have been seen in Oxford so touching a sight as that of the meeting of those two old and holy men, Newman and Pusey. What they said in private we know not. Maybe they said nothing. What they felt we may guess, and the more appreciate the more we lead and can lead their lovely and their pleasant

lives. For many of us must have felt and seen lately that it is not given to all who read treatises and leading articles, nor haply to all who write them, to appreciate such a character as that of Newman.

Men live a life, and we sum it in an hour, in a page, but let us recognize now and again that these things cannot be so done; there is a higher judgment, a more extended and a more accurate summary, which knows what we do not and cannot know, which appreciates what we do not and cannot appreciate — and this, perhaps, especially — a long life spent in good, the simple devotion of splendid talents and industries to the highest ideal of right and duty capable of being conceived by the keenest intellect, the purest mind, among Englishmen of this century.

Such was the life and such the mind and intellect of John Henry Newman. He has lived so long, so holily, with such quiet modesty, as quite to have outlasted injurious thought or utterance, and is now laid to rest amid the tears of all of us. His work was done mostly many years ago, and done for the Church of his country. That work, and the work of his fellow-laborers, brought again prominently forward among Englishmen a conception foreign to their then, even to their present, character — the conception of a living, God-guided Church. This was a shadow in his day, and he chased the shadow through many years, with many constant labors and anxieties, till she brought him to something real to him, the Church of Rome. But on the way he clothed this shadow for others if not for himself, covered the nakedness of her limbs, infused a new life into her dry bones, and made of her something beautiful and worshipful, which he left behind for those who did not follow him, something lovely and true and real as they, for their part, believe. Which was right, he who went or they who stayed, let each one settle for himself; but of this there is little doubt, that the English Church presents to many minds a life and an appearance and a reality quite other than could have been the case but for this movement in which Newman bore the principal part; and of this, too, there is still less doubt, that he has left us — a cold, selfish, and sceptical age — a noble example which we may follow, though at our natural distance, if we will, of a devout and holy life passed in constant association with all that lovely and of good report, and in entire dependence upon an Unseen Power.

CHARLES S. JERRAM.

From The Spectator.

THE CAT AS AN UNCONSCIOUS HUMORIST.

To speak of the cat as a humorist, in any shape or form, sounds, we admit, something very like a contradiction in terms. There are hundreds of people — and by people we mean, of course, only those who belong to the fraternity of cat-lovers, and are bound by that subtle tie of freemasonry that unites all the adherents of the white, the black, the tortoise-shell, the grey, the mustard, and the tabby — who are prepared to maintain that the notion of humor must be altogether dissociated from the cat, and that dignity, degenerating in a few exceptional cases into pomposity on the one hand, or insolence and cynicism on the other, is her special quality, and, indeed, the only one marked enough to deserve particular attention. Though we do not altogether agree with this theory, we are prepared to acknowledge that it is the one ordinarily entertained, and further to admit that up to a certain point there is a good deal to be said for it. Looked at merely from one point of view, cats are all dignity and reserve, and display a *hauteur* of demeanor which marks them off as the aristocrats of the animal world, — their absolute refusal to hurry even under the greatest provocation is alone enough to earn them the right to rank as nature's nobility. We have seen a tabby with a black muzzle who, for cold, calculated, and yet perfectly well-bred insolence, could have given points to a spiteful dowager duchess whose daughter-in-law "wasn't one of us, you know." The heartless and deliberate rudeness of that cat's behavior on occasion would, had she been a man, have unquestionably justified shooting at sight. The courtiers in the most slavish palace of the East would have rebelled had they received the treatment she meted out daily to those who waited on her hand and foot. After a devoted admirer had hunted breathless and bare-headed over a large garden and under a blazing July sun, lest puss should lose her dinner, and had at last brought her into the dining-room in his arms, that cat, instead of showing any gratitude, and instead of running with pleasure to the plate prepared for her, has been known to sit bolt upright at the other end of the room, regarding the whole table with a look of undisguised contempt, her eyes superciliously half shut, and a tiny speck of red tongue protruding between her teeth. If the thing had not been so exceedingly well done, it would have been

simply vulgar; as it was, it amounted to the most exasperating form of genteel brutality imaginable. The company having been at last thoroughly stared out of countenance and put down by this monstrous exhibition of intentional rudeness, the cat in question slowly rose to her feet, and digging her claws well into the carpet, stretched and balanced herself, while yawning at the same time with lazy self-satisfaction. After this she proceeded by the most circuitous route obtainable to the plate put out for her, evidently intending it to be clearly understood that she held its presence under the sideboard to be due in some way or other to her own skill and forethought, and that she in no sense regarded herself as beholden to any other person. Yet another instance of the freezing and offensive dignity which cats are capable of exhibiting occurs to us. We remember to have seen a distinguished diplomatist, trained to hold his own in the courts of kings, and never at a loss to get out of an embarrassing position, or to meet an act of rudeness by a rapier thrust of wit, utterly put down by a small black kitten. The diplomatist had been playing with the kitten, but he went too far. Instead of making fun for the kitten, he made fun of her, and this she was quick to see and to resent. Determined to mark her sense of his conduct, she at once put a stop to the game, and calmly but resolutely placed her small person in front of the man of ceremony, wrapped her tail neatly round her toes, and gazed at him with an air of pitying contempt. It was an electric moment, and the rest of the company watched with palpitating eagerness the struggle for ascendency. It proved, however, an unequal contest. After a few moments of a regard which told more of sorrow than of anger, the kitten deliberately began to wash her little black face, stopping every now and then, paw in air, to give a look of faint surprise, mingled with disgust, at her antagonist. The situation speedily became ridiculous, but not for the kitten, and in a very short time the diplomatist had evidently admitted himself beaten. The kitten then rose, walked to the window, and placidly gazed out at the landscape, every curve in her back showing her sense of the bad taste which had characterized the incident that had just terminated.

But though we are perfectly prepared to admit that the cat is a very dignified animal, and often compares favorably with man in that respect, we desire to draw attention on the present occasion to the humorous situations of which the cat is often the unconscious cause, owing in a great measure to her unbounded egoism. If a cat is watched carefully in the ordinary relations of domestic life, a thousand instances will be noticed in which the results of her action are exceedingly humorous. Granted that the cat has herself little or no sense of humor, she is capable, when properly understood, of affording intense amusement to others. To realize this fact is a great source of pleasure — nay, of security. It is, indeed, hardly too much to say that unless some means are discovered for taking her down a peg or two every now and then, a cat is an impossible beast to live with. Her pomposity, her formality, and her *de haut en bas* manner of looking at the world, would be unbearable unless we knew how on occasion to turn the laugh against her. Only by enjoying an occasional score off "the furred serpent" can the balance be redressed, and a comfortable *modus vivendi* between man and cat be arranged. An instance of what we mean is given in a charming paper on Théophile Gautier contributed by Mr. Walter Pollock to this month's *Longman*. Théophile Gautier loved cats, but he had evidently discovered the necessity for poking a little fun at them in self-defence, and for this purpose among others he watched his famous cat, "Madame Théophile," very closely. Mr. Walter Pollock presents us with a delightful account of how Madame Théophile one day gave herself away, and established an excellent story to be used against her in case of need. Gautier had been entrusted by a friend with the care of a parrot, and his cat's first introduction to the new member of the *ménagerie intime* took place under his eyes. The parrot described as "an Amazon," a little distracted by his new surroundings, was standing on the high perch, to which he was chained, rolling his eyes and looking about him. Meanwhile, Madame Théophile, who had never seen a parrot before, regarded the new-comer with evident astonishment. "Immovable as a mummied Egyptian cat, she looked, lost in thought, at the bird, recalling all the ideas on natural history which she had gathered in the garden and on the roof-trees. Her shifting eyes alone conveyed her thoughts; and these thoughts were: 'Then here is a green chicken.'" Satisfied that he was a proper subject for sport, she sprang from the table whence she had been contemplating him, and began to crouch in readiness for her spring. "The parrot

followed the cat's movements with a feverish eagerness. He ruffled his feathers, he rattled his chain, he lifted one of his hands and examined its nails attentively, and he scrabbled his beak on the edge of his food-can. Instinct bade him beware of an enemy on his track." The cat's eyes all the time remained fixed, and said plainly enough: "This fowl is green; but all the same it must be good to eat." Gautier, ready of course to intervene if necessary, watched Madame Théophile drawing nearer and nearer, while all the time "her pink nose palpitated, her eyes half closed, and her claws, like the feet immortalized by Suckling, went in and out." Suddenly she arched her back, and with a bound leapt to the foot of the parrot's stand. "The parrot met the danger half-way, and received the cat with a phrase delivered in a pompous bass voice, 'As-tu déjeuné, Jacquot?' This phrase filled the cat with an indescribable terror, and caused her to leap backwards. A flourish of trumpets, an earthquake of broken crockery, a pistol discharged by its ear, could not have caused the cat a more headlong alarm. All the creature's ideas on ornithology were completely upset." The parrot continued its triumphant speech with the words "Et de quoi? De rôti du roi?" Then the cat's face said as plainly as possible: "This is no bird. This is a gentleman. Listen to his conversation." The parrot, pursuing his advantage, burst at the top of his voice into the refrain of a drinking-song. On this the cat cast one desperate look of interrogation upon Gautier, and fled in despair under the bed, where she remained for all the rest of the day." Who can doubt that Gautier felt considerable satisfaction at the discomfiture and undignified retreat of the Donna Pomposa of his household? Every cat-owner must recall incidents like this in his experience which in a moment have made up for the many humiliations suffered at the hands of his cat, — humiliations received as he stood patiently while puss made an aggravatingly complete periplus of the room before she would deign to walk out of the door, specially opened at her request; or as he fumed on the front doorstep, on a raw November night, trying to induce the priestess of the hearthrug to enter her abode, at his and not her own good time and pleasure.

So much for the cat as a cause of humor, when seen from the man's point of view. We must not forget, however, that there is another side to the question, — one which has been put with great force and point by Montaigne. "When," says he, "my cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, as playing with a garter, who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makes me? Shall I conclude her to be a simple [*i.e.*, a fool], that has her time to begin or refuse to play as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that it is a defect of my not understanding her language (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another) that we agree no better? And who knows but that she pities me for being no wiser than to play with her, and laughs and censures my folly for making sport for her, when we two play together." Perhaps, too, it is the cat that has the best of the laugh, even when we dub her an unconscious humorist. It would be just like her "subtlety" to be all the while laughing in her sleeve.

From The Spectator.

AN IRISH ORIGINAL.

"WELL, Pat, how are your potatoes turning out this year?" "Well, your Reverence, about as bad as bad could be. If you put a Hieland piper playing his pipes at wan good stalk, and walked from that till you came to another good wan, you wouldn't hear his music. There's the truth for you, now. An' now, your Reverence, how can the landlord be expectin' rint such times as these? it's against nature. Did I tell you what I said to the agent lately?" "No." "Well, sure enough I went to the office such a day; and be the same token there was a bacon strike goin' on in the country at the same time, and I says to the agent, 'Sir,' says I, 'I have seven good store pigs in me yard, an' a lot of fine manure, an' I've some av the finest hay in the parish, an' I want nothin' but a little time. I can pay ye well' says I, 'when I sell some of my little property.' 'The divil a day,' says he, 'Mr. O'Mulligan' (savin your Reverence's presence for makin' use of such a word), 'the divil a day longer can ye have,' says he. Well, me timper riz, your Reverence; for I'm a man who lives very near his timper, as the sayin' is; and I says back again to him, I says, 'To the divil I pitch you,' says I, 'where Darby Keeffe pitched the judge, and do your best,' says I. But isn't it cruel, your Reverence, isn't it cruel, for me an' the likes of me to be like this, under the scourge and under the harrow and under the axe and under the

saw and under the flail and under the whip and under the hammer and under the bailiff and under the agent and under the peeler, — isn't it now?" Mr. O'Mulligan paused here to take breath, for we most imperfectly reproduce his torrent of eloquence. In the interval, we observed: "King Solomon says, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich,' so you should be well off." "Yes, your Reverence, that's right; I know man is born to '*industre.*' My duties are very erroneous [? onerous], but, as Holy Scripture says, 'Work out your own salvation, an' let us cast off the works of darkness; blessed are the dead — for them I mourn.' I was a man who wanst had £700 of dry money, an' now, savin' your presence, I haven't the price of a shave, an' that's fourpence, left of it; an', what's more, I've a young, weighty family to 'contind,' with. Me money is all gone with lawyers an' rent an' costs, for I'm not that 'insipid' drunkard at all that the people says I am. If your Reverence would only be pleased to look at them some day, I could show you me papers for I have as many of them as would boil a pot of spuds." "It's a great pity you were not made a lawyer yourself, Mr. O'Mulligan; you would have been a great man to address a jury." "Well now, sir, don't be joking me; it's yourself is the pleasant gintleman. Still, I have no great taste for the law; there was a great scholar in this parish wanst, an' he could spake Latin like the alphabet; and I heard tell he used to say that there was a piece of Latin about a man not gettin' to be a bad man all at wanst, an' the way he give it out himself was: 'It takes two years to make an attorney.' It's well I knows them. Sure enough I wanst took a bill of costs to a friend to look over, and by-and-by he says: 'Pat, this man will be saved yet,' says he. 'What do ye mane by that?' says I. 'I mane by it,' says he, 'that Attorney So-and-So isn't that bad man after all,' says he, 'if this is his bill,' says he, 'he have a chance of gettin' to heaven after all,' says he. See that now, sir! Well, after all, it's worth while to get a rowl of the coort out of yer money, any way. Tom Luby, who was half-aiqual to a lawyer himself, because he was so often at Sessions and Assizes wid cases, tuk great pride out of a cliver attorney; an' he used to say he had more roguery in his belly than fifty min. But I must be taking lave of you now, sir, an' I hope Mr. Balfour will call in here before he goes home, — I can let his honor see that I haven't a trescawn of praties in me whole little garden, glory be to God!"

But how poor and faint an idea all this conveys of the volubility of Mr. O'Mulligan! Fuller said that the bare, bald style of the schoolmen was to be attributed to design, "lest any of the vermin of equivocation should hide themselves under the nap of their words." In whatever other respects the poorest Irishman may be bald and bare, he never experiences any of the pangs of poverty of language.

THE Archæological Survey of India perseveres with its unostentatious task of reclaiming from ruin and oblivion the countless inscriptions which lie scattered about India, offering a clue to many questions of ancient history and philology. These despised or neglected records are found in all sorts of likely and unlikely places. The *Englishman* of Calcutta refers to one which has lately been recovered from obscurity, and which is just a thousand years old. It was found incised on a stone slab partly fixed in the wall of a house and used as a seat, in the bazaar of Pahoa or Pihewa, in the Umballa district. Considerable difficulty was experienced in inducing the owner of the house to allow the stone to be removed, but the treasure was eventually acquired, and now lies in the Lahore Museum. The inscription consists of twenty-one stanzas of Sanskrit verse, and is an account of the building and endowment of a temple of Vishnu, together with a eulogy of the family who performed the meritorious deed. Regarding one of the brothers we are told that "when suppliants with rapture looked on his lotus face their mental anxiety completely vanished in an instant; and the crowd of hostile trumpeting elephants always shook before him in battle ready to disperse." This may be taken as a characteristic Oriental rendering of the sentiment of the familiar Scotch song, "His step is first in peaceful hall, his sword in battle keen." For extravagance of laudation, however, a higher place must be given to an inscription found near Jubbulpore, in which it is said of a certain king, that although the tread of his armies roused the apprehension of the three worlds — heaven, earth, and hell — yet there was no dust raised, as the road was flooded by the tears of the captive women who followed in his train.

Nature.